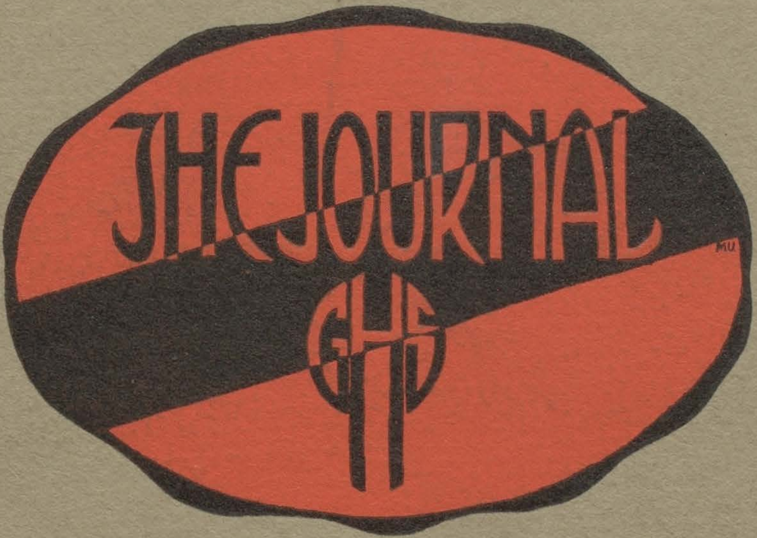

THE JOURNAL
GHS
MU

DECEMBER
·1921·

GIRLS
HIGH SCHOOL
JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS OF THE
GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL
DECEMBER · 1921

TO THE MANY LOYAL FRIENDSHIPS
FORMED DURING OUR FOUR SHORT
HAPPY YEARS SPENT AT
GIRLS HIGH
WE, THE CLASS OF DECEMBER '21
DO LOVINGLY DEDICATE
THIS JOURNAL

Josephine Maino

CONTENTS

Page

DEDICATION 3
FACULTY 5
IN MEMORIAM 6
CLASSES 7
CLASS DICTIONARY 33-34
ALUMNAE 35
LITERARY 37
SCHOOL LIFE 57
ACTIVITIES 61
ATHLETICS 79
JOKES 82
ADVERTISEMENTS 89
THE BUNCH 112

FACULTY

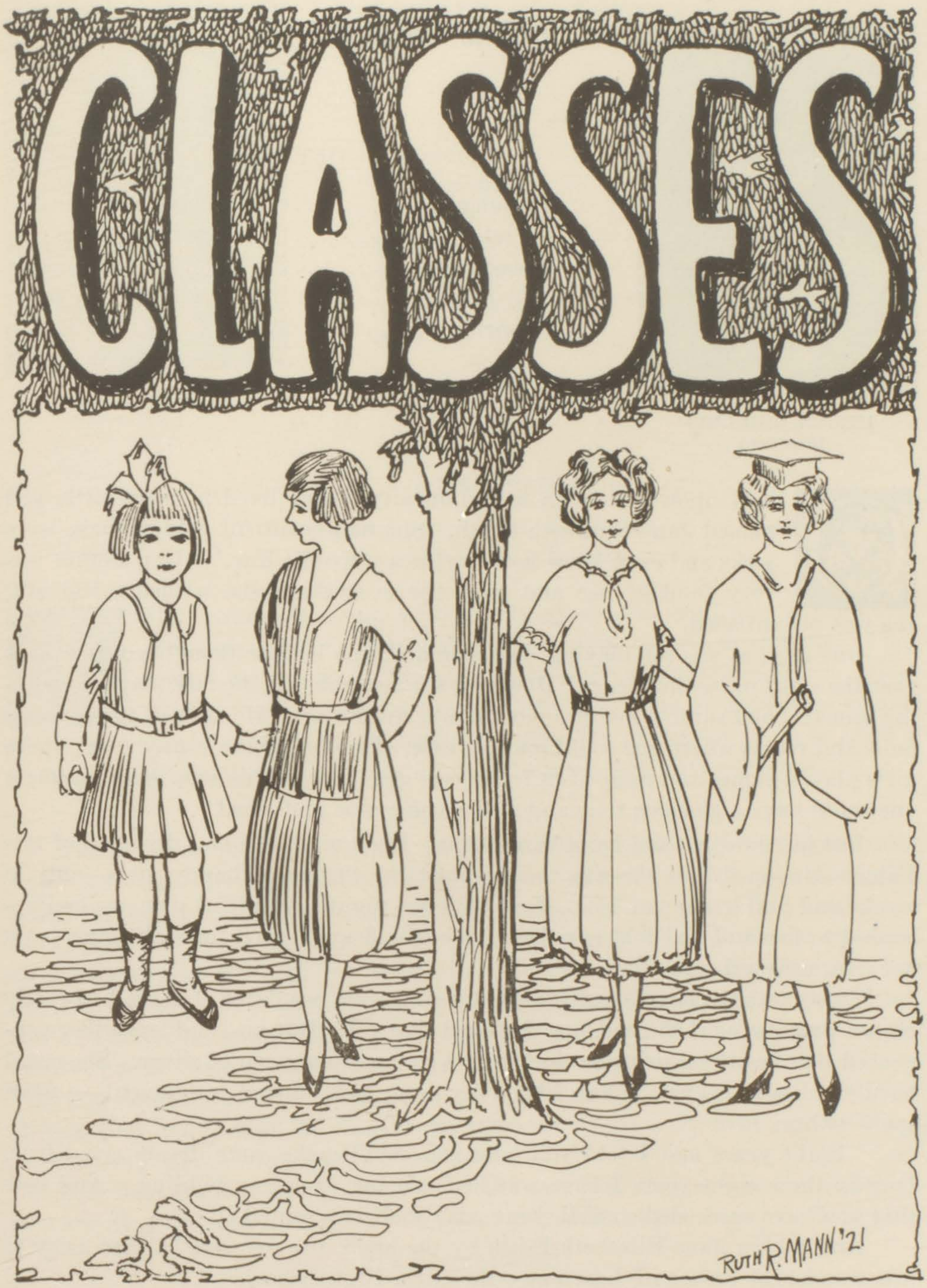
Dr. A. W. Scott	Principal
Miss Laura Daniel	Vice Principal and Head of Mathematics Dept.
Miss Adeline B. Croyland	Head of English Department
Miss Sophia A. Hobe	Head of History Department
Mr. Edward J. Dupuy	Head of French Department
Mr. Martin A. Centner	Head of Latin Department
Miss Helen Rosenberg	Head of Physical Education Department
Miss Evelyn D. Armer	English
Mrs. Mildred Bickel	English, Mathematics
Miss Helen C. Bovard	English, Mathematics
Miss Edith Browning	English
Miss Ella Castelhun	History of Art, Mathematics
Miss Lenora Clark	Physical Education
Miss Margaret Dougherty	Chemistry, Cooking
Miss May Fitz-Gerald	History
Miss Helen Flynn	English
Miss T. Hesselberg	History
Miss Hattie H. Jacobs	English, History
Miss Marion A. Jones	Drawing, Designing
Miss S. Edith King	Science
Miss Ottilie Kohlberg	History
Miss Katherine Lahaney	Sewing
Miss Blanche Leviele	French
Mrs. Mary McGlade	Music
Mr. Thomas A. McGlynn	Drawing
Miss Marie McKinley	Mathematics
Miss Mary Meehan	Commercial Work
Miss Emma L. Noonan	Mathematics
Mr. Lorenzo Offield	Science
Miss Helen Papen	Spanish
Miss Edna M. Reeves	Science
Miss Helene Revoy	French
Miss Nathalie E. Roth	English
Miss Clara M. Stark	Latin, History
Miss Genevieve Sullivan	Sewing
Miss Harriett S. Tabor	Sewing
Mrs. Laura H. Tharp	Aesthetic Dancing
Miss Emmelina De Th. Walker	Spanish, Italian
Miss Lydia E. Walker	Spanish, French
Mrs. Alice B. Wilson	Spanish, French
Miss Aida Ducato	Principal's Secretary

In Memoriam

HENRIETTA WITT
Class of December, '20
Died August 1, 1921

GENEVIVE CAPURRO
Class of June, '25
Died September 18, 1921

Dearly beloved pupils of the Girls High School


CLASSES
RUTH R. MANN '21

HELEN PHILLIPS
President

LOW FROSH

OFFICERS

President	Helen Phillips
Secretary	Catherine Collins
Treasurer	Edith Farrell
Yell Leader	Lola Roth
Reporter	Alice Ewing

ONCE upon a time in a certain city, there lived a sweet little girl named Jane-Elizabeth-Edith. She had beautiful golden curls, wore socks and even knew how to ride a "Kiddie-Kar." Her mother was very fond of her and gave her everything she wished. But still she was not satisfied.

One day, as she sat playing with her doll, she let her thoughts travel back over the eight preceding years. How well she remembered the day that a wandering minstrel had sung to her of a most wonderful Palace! He sang of the spacious halls and rooms where one could roam at ease. He sang of the sunny court where girls played games and romped in frolicsome glee. *There*, his song went on, *there* one could have a glorious time and still become wise and great.

But he could not tell her where it was. Each night she had dreamed of this Palace—dreamed that she was there amidst the throng of happy girls—only to awake and find it was not true. And then one night a beautiful princess had appeared to her and had told her that if she would work hard for eight long years her dream would come true.

Today was the last day of the eight years. She wondered if there had really been a princess or if she had just dreamed that too. But no—suddenly there appeared that beautiful princess clothed in a shimmering gown of silver. She could hardly believe her eyes. Then, like music from some unseen instrument—a voice spoke to her.

"Eight years ago I told you how you could make your dream come true. During those eight years I have watched you try to do my bidding. And now that you have succeeded so well, your wish shall be granted."

And taking Jane-Elizabeth-Edith by the hand, the princess led her away to this wonderful Palace of Learning—the Girls High School.

So runs the story of the Freshman class of June '25.

MARION CANFIELD
President

HIGH FROSH

OFFICERS

President	Marion Canfield
Vice-President	Patricia Paterson
Secretary	Margaret Canfield
Treasurer	Muriel Schmidt
Yell Leader	Leonne Alves
Sergt. at Arms	Rita Williams
Reporter	Grace Williams

A Class Serial

Produced by the High Freshmen
(Synopsis of Preceding Episodes)

THE heroines entered, with hearts filled with joys and expectation. But, great grief, their gladness was soon turned to sadness. They were mere scrubs—mistreated, misunderstood, unappreciated. Older girls looked down upon them. Their lives were an almost impossible round of hazardous experiences through which they managed to pass after a struggle of six months and to emerge victorious, though battle-scarred.

Episode X

The heroines have now arrived at the more respectable age of High Freshmen. No longer are their elders able to cast that eye of disdain upon them. No longer do they quake in fear when a Senior passes. No longer are they frightened to death of everybody and everything. Now they have a say in the government of that institution in which they reside, in the person of fifth representative. Now they can see that some of their bright ideas put before the executive committee, and of course the said "bright ideas" are always accepted! Why, most of the members of the Jazz Orchestra—the hit of season—are the members of the class! Who can dispute the class spirit and cizaringo that the members display? Now at least they can look at the Low Frosh and say: "Just wait until you have had as much experience in the ways of school as we."

But they are still martyrs in face of the fact that they can be called Freshmen and they are concentrating every effort to lose that name forever. So it goes.

(To be continued)

EMMA BRESCIA
President

LOW SOPHS

OFFICERS

President	Emma Brescia
Vice-President	Eleanor Marshall
Secretary	Vida Setencich
Treasurer	Barbara Miller
Yell Leader	Aileen Clancey
Sergt. at Arms	Madeline Johnston
Reporter	Marian Martin

According to the Impressionist

A room. A big room. A very big room.
Brown. Tan. Grey.
Seats. Many seats. More than many seats.
Sunshine. Clouds. Fog. Rain.
Books. Few books. Many books. Pink.
Pencils. Long. Short. Yellow pencils.
Pens. Fountain pens. All kinds of pens.
There is a class. A large class. A good class.
Pep. Jazz. School spirit. The 2A Class.
There are girls. Big girls. Little girls. Many girls.
Tall girls. Short girls. Stout. Slim.
Quiet. Talking. Happiness. Content.
Hair. Black hair. Brown. Red. Blonde hair.
Curly hair. Straight hair. Bobbed hair.
Braids. No braids. Ribbons. No ribbons.
Eyes. Blue. Brown. Grey. Green.
Joyous eyes. Mischievous eyes. Thoughtful eyes.
A dance. A big dance. A wonderful dance.
Freshmen. Big Freshmen. Little Freshmen. Green.
Sophomores. Big Sophs. Little Sophs. Lots of Sophs.
Muir Woods. A hike. A long hike. A great hike.
Girls. More girls. Running. Laughing. Shouting.
They play games. They play lots of games.
A meeting. Confusion. Order. Quiet. Noise.
A voice. A clear voice. A sweet voice.
A girl talks. Another girl talks. Everyone talks.
Standing. Sitting. Two. Three. Four.
Business. Important. Class business.
It is finished. Doors open. Girls.
Walking. Talking. Hurrying. Rushing.

HIGH SOPHS

MARGARET VON HUSEN
President

OFFICERS

President	MARGARET VON HUSEN
Vice President	EDITH TROWBRIDGE
Secretary	LEE DE HAVEN
Treasurer	LUCILLE BEHAN
Yell Leader	RUTH KINSLEY
Yell Leader	MADELINE GOLDSMITH
Sergeant-at-Arms	JANE ROWELL
Reporter	BARBARA MAYER

A Sanctum Talk

"Good morning, Journal."

"Good morning, 2B's. What can I do for you this morning?"

"We just heard that everyone has been telling you all about her class and we just thought we had better let you know that the High Sophs were all ready with some good information too."

"That's just right. Better fall in line with the rest."

"Well, let's see. What is the most interesting activity at Girls High this term?"

"Why debating, of course."

"Oh, that's easy. Everybody knows that Ruth Clouse and Angelina Giacaloni are members of our class, and they're some debaters, too."

"Yes, that fact sure does speak good for December, '23. How about athletics?"

"On the tennis courts, Adaline Loeb and Bessie Allanberg swing mean racquets. In baseball last term we were well represented on the Sophomore nine. Margaret von Husen was captain and second baseman; Helen Imobersteg and Adaline Loeb were at home in the pitcher's box; Ruth Clouse ever waiting for sizzling grounders to come her way, was a fine little shortstop; Barbara Mayer and Daisy Wong held outfield positions. The rest of the sports all attracted a number of High Sophs."

"Some record! Well, that's enough for any class to boast of. Keep up the good work."

"Thank you. We shall. So long."

"Good-bye."

LOW JUNIORS

BUELL CAREY
President

Just to introduce to you the 3-A Class.

PRESIDENT

Quite adept with a bat is B. Carey,
Let us pity the man whom she'll marry;
Should he make a "home run"
In the morning 'round one,
He must needs be uncommonly wary!

VICE-PRESIDENT

Next, I beg to present Viva Drew,
Who always gets "A's"—yes, it's true!
It proves that she's nice,
For she's held office twice;
And I think she's just splendid—don't you?

SECRETARY

There's also a girl named Ruth Cheese—
Oh, her name is too long, if you please!
For as I am no bard,
And the rhythm is hard,
Go ask Ruth and she'll tell you with ease!

TREASURER

The one thing that all classes need
Is money, to pay for each deed,
And a capable lass
To collect it "en masse,"
So that's Carolyn Eshen. Agreed!

YELL LEADER

"Ellie" Claybourgh, though mentioned the last,
Is far from the least in our cast.
She's so very athletic,
It's truly pathetic,
But our love for dear "Ellie" is vast!

THE CLASS

Now, our classmates in all (though you know it)
Are wonderful girls, and they show it;
For one cannot gainsay
That they're peppy and gay—
Let us hope that they'll never outgrow it!

B. M. P.
A. B. C. June '23

RUTH WALE
President

HIGH JUNIORS

OFFICERS

President	Ruth Wale
Vice-President	Eleanor Rossi
Secretary	Ruth Cook
Yell Leader	Iva Hollis
Reporter	Electa Thomas

IF THERE is a more wonderful, greater, or better actress than Miss Glorious Three-Bee, please show her to me. It was my privilege to interview her after her performance in the phenomenally successful dramatic production, "Girls High Superschool." She is, of course, the star of that production, and having had some experience with stars, I began this way:

"I have seen your new play, Miss Three-Bee. You were superb, but I did not care about the rest of the cast." (This is a subtle form of flattery that most stars like, but not so Glorious Three-Bee.) She answered generously:

"Oh, they do their best. But of course, I am the mainstay of the play. It would close tomorrow if I were not in it."

"Why, Miss Three-Bee," I cried in amazement, ignoring her last remark, "how unique you are among stars. You have no French accent."

A tear gathered in Miss Three-Bee's eye and she shook her head sadly.

"No," she confessed, "I have spent three long years to acquire one, but it comes not." The tear fell.

"Yes," she went on, "varied and hard have been my experiences since I worked myself up from playing juvenile in this play. That was three years ago, and after a hard struggle, I succeeded in getting the 'ingenue' part which I held for a year amid great difficulty. Then, through the ability of my present manager, Miss Ruth Wale, I became a star."

"And what do you intend to do next year, Miss Three-Bee?" I asked curiously.

"Next year I shall make a series of farewell performances," she answered, "after which I shall go abroad to try my luck in foreign climes."

"Will not the great play, 'Girls High Superschool' suffer without you?" I queried in consternation.

"Undoubtedly," she replied, "you see I unite dignity and 'pep,' brains and a vast experience—it would be impossible to replace me. Still," she frowned slightly, "it may manage to exist without me—but I doubt it."

And thinking of the great talent of this remarkable young lady, I doubted it too!

—*Bernice Volante, Dec. '22*

ANITA VON HUSEN
President

LOW SENIORS

OFFICERS

President	Anita von Husen
Vice-President, Reporter	Cecile Fusier
Secretary	Aileen Dittmar
Yell Leader	Antoinette Bean
Sergt. at Arms	Rosalie Desenberg

THREE long years ago a band of students came to Girls High to colonize the region known as the Freshman Class. Discontented with the narrow bounds of grammar school, which had confined their talents, they looked forward to coming to this new institution with great hope and rejoicing. After a year of hard struggling, they found their lives still so autocratically restricted that they decided to revolt.

In the Revolutionary War they were very successful. The peace treaty ordered that in the second year this band of students was to be called the Sophomore Class. Having become well established, June '22 made rapid strides to fill its places in the school's political and social life. Soon it was found necessary to punish the Freshmen for infringing on Soph rights. This punishment being effected, the school was then forced to recognize June '22.

As a result of this struggle, a strong spirit of class loyalty swept over the students. They continued to grow in intellect and power. It was an "era of good feeling." Under this influence a barn dance was given to the Freshmen.

As all great societies have their difficulties, so had '22. In the latter part of the Junior year, there was friction in politics over a dance and a rally. A Civil War then followed in which certain students advocated individual rights. However, President Shearer proved a veritable mainstay in this crisis, and the tide was immediately turned in favor of class spirit.

The Emancipation Proclamation which was issued during this period put an end to all disputes. June '22 embarked on its final year of full development and activity. It was a Senior Class! They now took a decided interest in the school affairs and various social functions followed, notable among which was the dance to a Foreign Element—Boys.

But for a fuller treatment of the history of this class the reader is referred to the next edition.

CATHERINE ROBINSON
GERTRUDE FLEMING

ELEANOR PATEK
CAROLINE GUIGNI

RUTH BRAMSTEDT
MARIANNE FRIEND

CLASS ORGANIZATION

OFFICERS

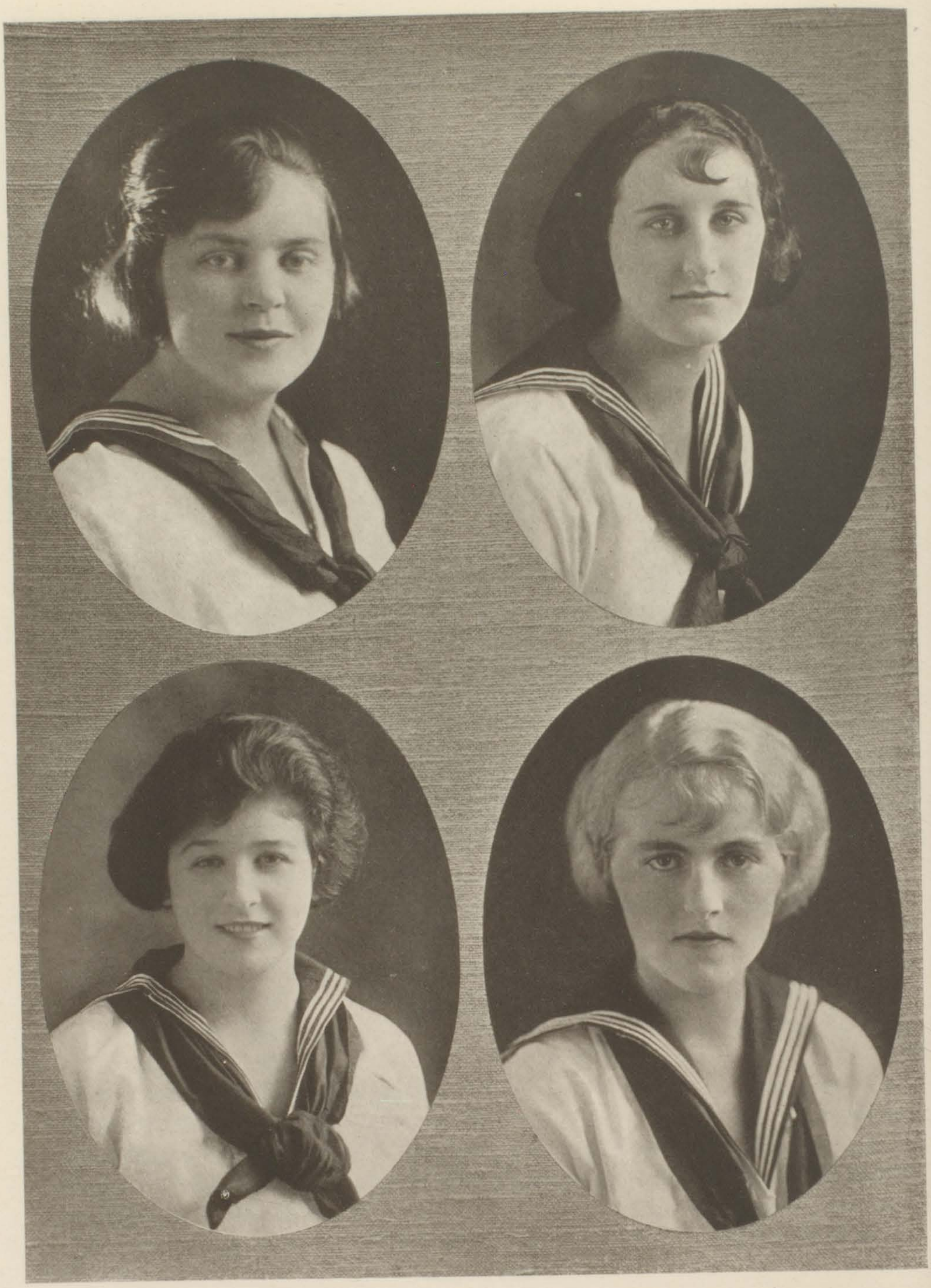
President	Eleanor Patek
Vice President	Catherine Robinson
Secretary	Ruth Bramstedt
Treasurer	Caroline Guigni
Yell Leader	Marianne Friend
Sergeant-at-Arms	Gertrude Fleming

Class Motto:

Give unto the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you.

Class Colors: Orange and Black

Class Flower: Tiger-Lily

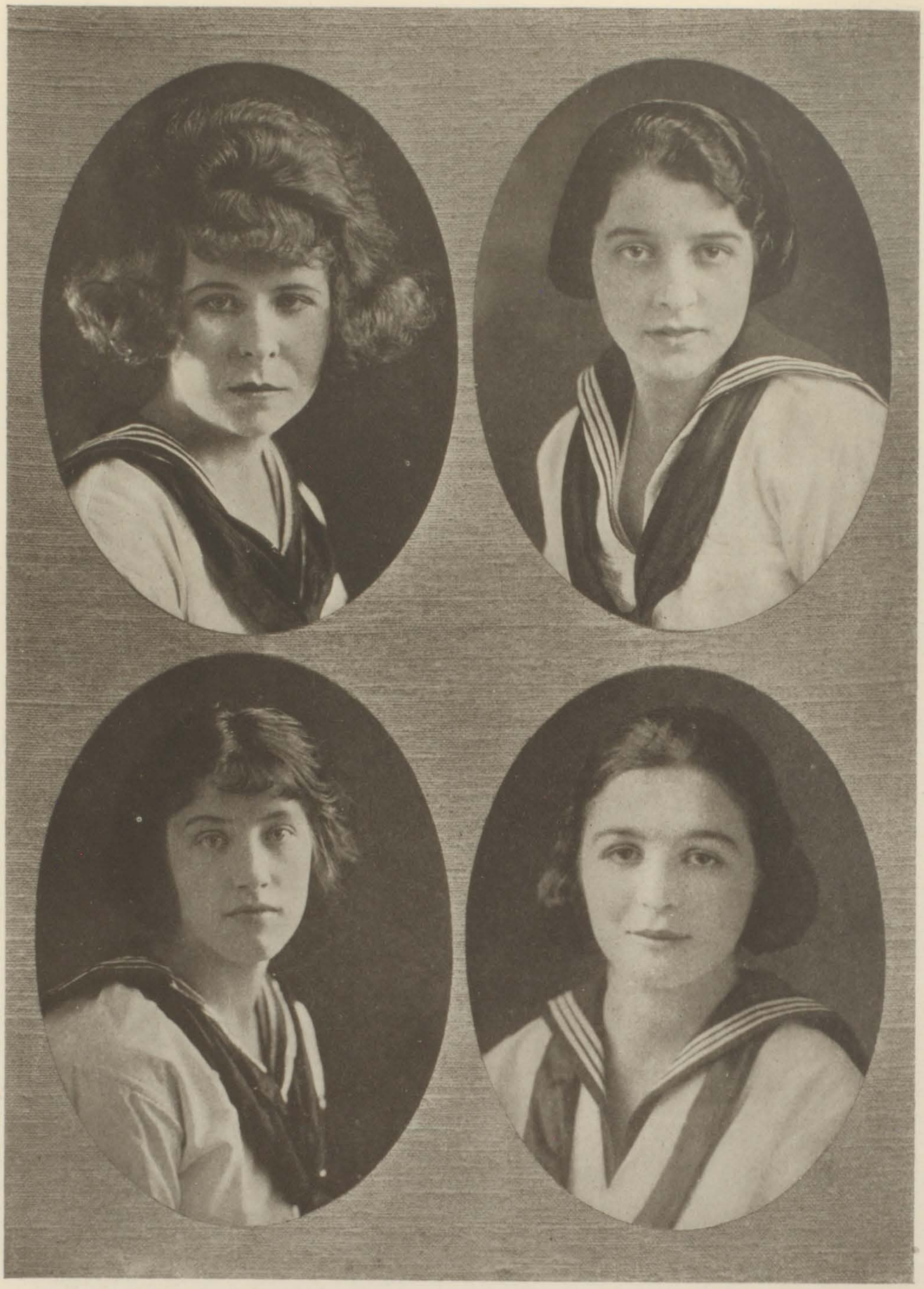


MERAL ARKUSH
IRENE BACIGALUPI

DORIS BELLO
RUTH BRAMSTEDT

MARGUERITE BROWN
EDITH CAHEN

ANNA CARR
EUNICE CONE



ALVINA CORLEY
ALICE CUMMINGS

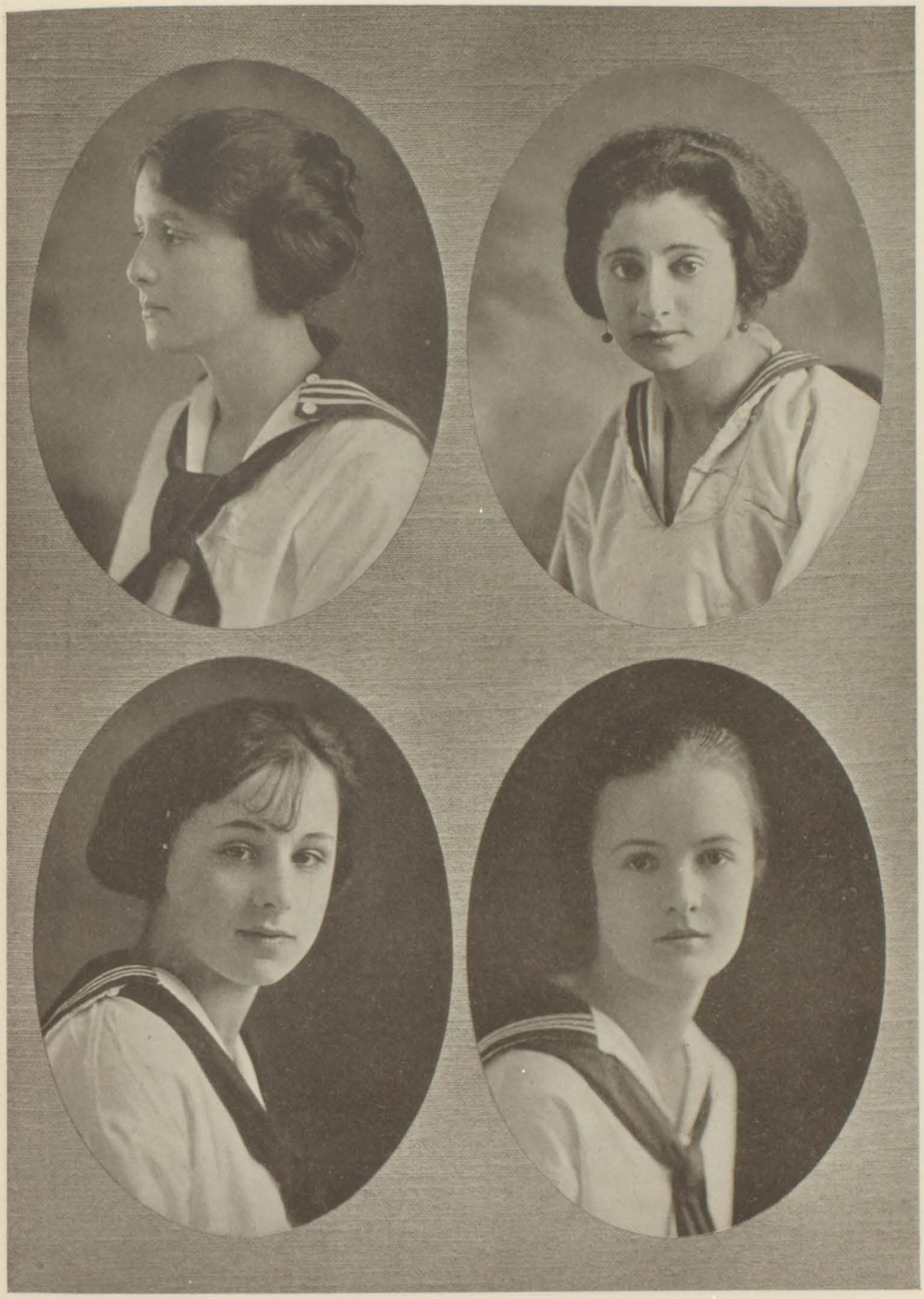
GERTRUDE FLEMING
AMELIA FRANCHINI

JANE FREEDMAN
MARIANNE FRIEND

AILEEN GALLAND
CAROLINE GUIGNI

HILDA GOLDBERG
MARY GOLDING

ARDELLE GOUGH
NATALIE HALLINAN



ANNA HARRIS
NAOMI HAUSE

BETTY JELLINEK
CAROLINE HOAG

DOLORES JUAREZ
CARRIE KAUFMAN

CHERRIL KIRKHAM
VIRGINIA KROLL

MILDRED LANE
JENNIE LEE

DORIS LEOPOLD
HENRYETTA LEVY

ANNIE LYNCH
JOSEPHINE MAINO

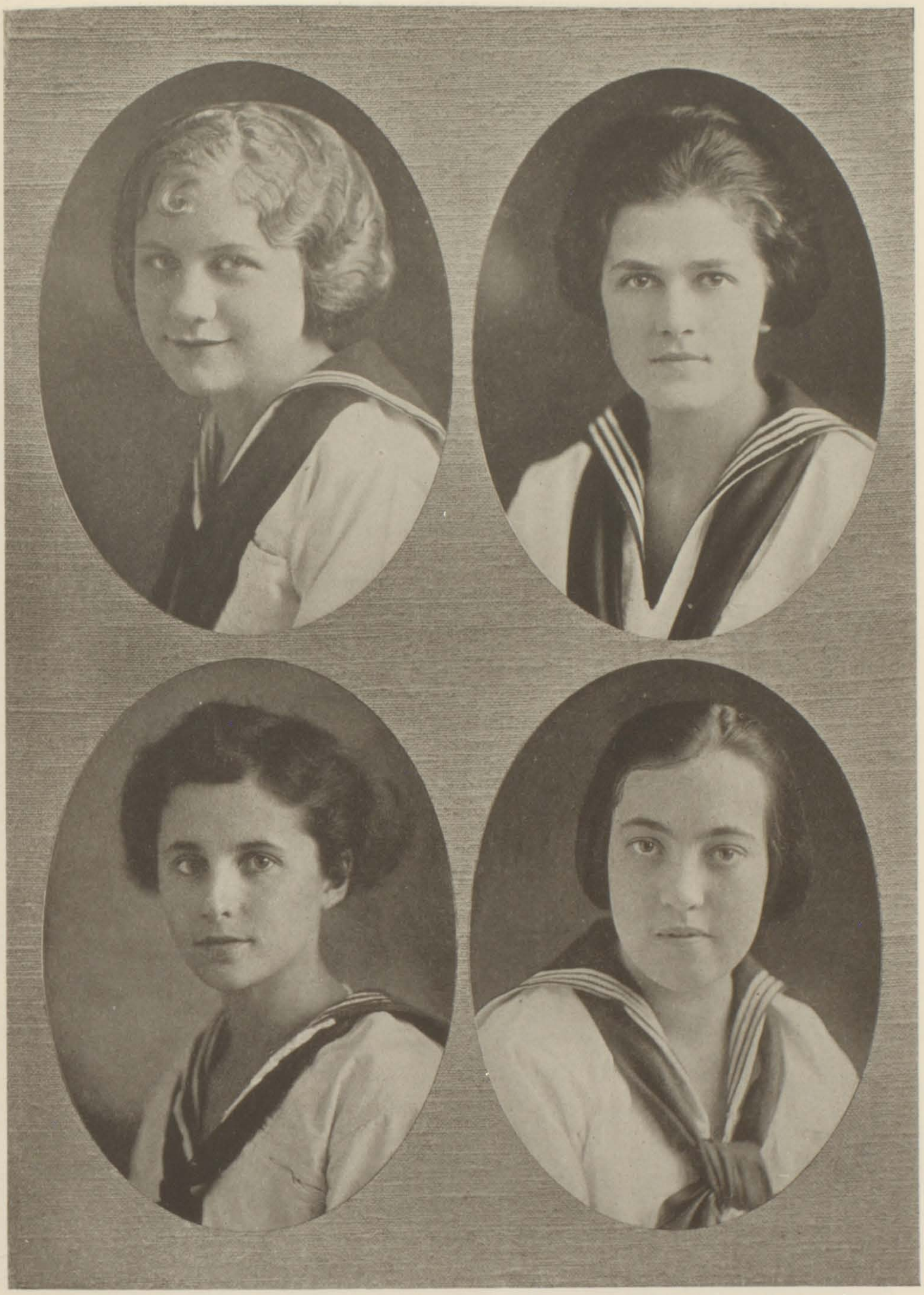
ESTELLE MANHEIM
RUTH MANN

KATHERINE MYERS
MARJORIE NEWMAN

GLADYS OGILVIE
ANTOINETTE OLYMPIE

ELEANOR PATEK
ANNETTA PETERSEN

EVELYN POWERS
HELEN PRENDERGAST



ELSIE REBMAN
MARGARET REYNOLDS

CATHERINE ROBINSON
BEVERLY ROUSE

RUTH SCHEELINE
HILDEGARDE SCHWERDT

AGNES SEEBURT
CHARLOTTE SEIDKIN

LOIS SMITH
GEORGIA SPEIER

ALICE STEWART
MARIA SUCHAN

OTTILIE TEUCHTLER
ALMA TOSO

MAUD UYEDA
DOROTHY VERBARG

INEZ VOLANTE
SYLVIA WAXMAN

LOUISE WILDBERG
KATHLYN WOOLF

RUTH WONG CARLA ZINKAND

The Class Song

(To the tune of Kreisler's "Old Refrain")

We'll often think of thee, Girls Hi so dear
When we are all alone and far away;
We'll hum an old refrain, Girls Hi so dear,
For 'twill recall to us a by-gone day;
'Twill take us back again to school days fair
When our school's golden joys beamed everywhere,
And when we're all alone and far away,
We'll hum that old refrain of happy days.

Chorus:

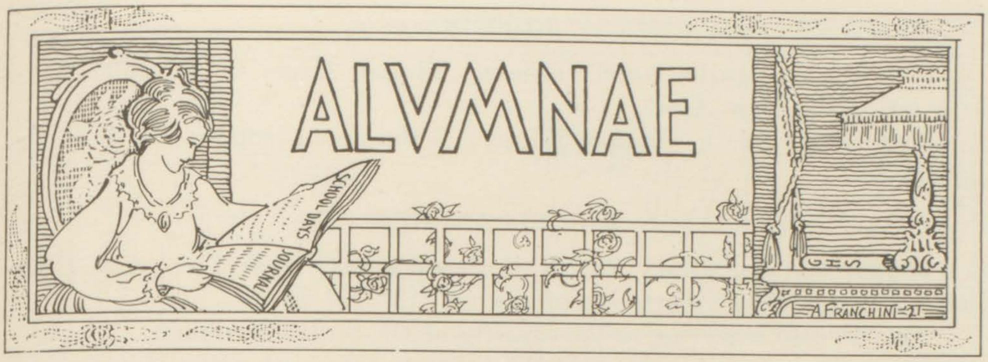
Of our dear High School we shall always sing
And to its memories our hearts will cling.

(Repeat)

CLASS DICTIONARY

NAME	NICKNAME	PET EXPRESSION	NOTED FOR	AMBITION
Arkush, Meral	Merrily	Now, I'll imitate	Telling jokes	Orpheum circuit
Bacigalupi, Irene	Bachy	You see it's this way	Her name (temporarily)	Happily married
Bello, Doris	Belle	Glory!	Civics	Perfect recitations
Bramstedt, Ruth	Branny	They'll give you the razz	Dancing	Second Pavlowa
Brown, Marguerite	Marge	Well, as I live!	L. S.	Someone's beloved
Cahen, Edith	Bamboo	Oh-gee	Her indifference(?) to boys	To have a swell time
Carr, Anna	Ann	Has the bell rung?	Being late	To be appreciated
Cone, Eunice	Eune	Didja study that, too?	Shyness	Munson's
Corley, Alvina	Babe	I had the swellest time	Sailors	Dancing teacher
Cummings, Alice	Al	Is that so?	Kathryn Wolf	Second Kreisler
Fleming, Gertrude	Gert	Don't tell me	Hating gym	To go East
Franchine, Amelia	Meli	Think so!	Blushing	To be tall
Freedman, Jane	Jane	I've been kidded by experts.	Knowing everything	To be Valentino's heroine
Friend, Marianne	Friend	Don't be silly	Curiosity	To be prominent
Galland, Aileen	Galland	How infantile!	Reading	To get fat
Goldberg, Hilda	Hilde	Really!	Piano	Composer
Golding, Mary	Goldy	Do you know your civics?	Teacher	Reading Club
Gough, Ardelle	Ardy	Sure, you're right	Disposition	To be happy
Guigne, Caroline	Leene	Too much for me	Collecting dues	Stanford
Harris, Anna	Harris	Now, you'll speak on—	Her dignity	Public speaker
Hallinan, Natalie	Nat	Alright	Helping Miss D.	Conductor of an orchestra
House, Naomi	Nomie	So I notice	Brilliance	To be in the limelight
Hoag, Caroline	Cary	Yes, I see	Information	Ask her
Jellinek, Betty	Betty	He's an idiot!	Aviators	"Rose of the Rancho"
Juarez, Dolores	Dolor	So sudden!	Singing	Prima Donna
Kaufmann, Carrie	Carrie	(Silence)	Being quiet	Bacteriologist
Kirkham, Cherill	Cherry	It is?	Reporting	Chronicle staff
Kroll, Virginia	Bubbles	That's dizzy	Her hats	To get married
Lane, Mildred	Milly	Oh—my dear!	Making a hit	To get out of school
Lee, Jennie	Jen	Sure——	Baseball	Stenographer
Leopold, Doris	Dod	Leave me alone	To be thin	M. A.
Levy, Henryetta	Yetta	Wait a minute!	Spanish	To graduate in 3½ years

NAME	NICKNAME	PET EXPRESSION	NOTED FOR	AMBITION
Lynch, Annie	Ann	Did you know that—	White House	Asst. manager
Maino, Josephine	Joe	Oh——yeah	“That curl”	Private secretary
Manheim, Estelle	Slim	Oh raaaaa	Arguing	Doctor
Myers, Catharine	Kat-	Be a sport	Harp	Musician
Mann, Ruth	Ruthie	Great grief	Clothes	To dance
Newman, Marjorie	Marg	Tell me—	Talking	Always to have the floor
Ogilvie, Gladys	Glade	? ? ? ?	Reciting in civics	To ride in a Buick
Olympie, Antoinette	Tony	Gee, you’re lucky	Being tardy	To get here on time
Patek, Elinor	Ell	Be sensible	Miss Armer	Mills College
Petersen, Annette	Pete	How peculiar!	French	Linguist
Powers, Evelyn	Ev	Imagine that	Laughing	Munson’s
Prendergast, Helen	Pickle	Uhhhh	Studying	Teacher
Rebman, Elsie	Els	I’m so sleepy	Her drawl	To preserve her marcel
Reynolds, Margaret	Renny	Isn’t it touching	Her personality	To graduate
Rouse, Beverly	Bev	That’s awful	Stature	To grow
Robinson, Catherine	Co	Hullo Booby!	Comb & powder puff	To be on time
Scheeline, Ruth	B. M.	I’ll say	Hunting ads	Journalist
Schwerdt, Hildegarde	Shirt	Oh blaaa	Forgetting excuses	To walk
Seidkin, Charlotte	Charley	Don’t bother me	Eating candy	Eat and grow thin
Sieburt, Agnes	Agy	Say—Kid	Her walk	Excitement
Smith, Lois	Lo	She looks nervous	Her expressions	To visit Europe
Speier, Georgia	Gee	I can’t be annoyed	The Journal	A co-ed
Stewart, Alice	Shrimp	Is that so—	Being cute	Perfect 36
Suchan, Marie	Maria	I understand	Being pleasant	To graduate
Teuchtler, Ottilie	Tillie	How come	Typing	Speedist
Toso, Alma	Buster	Will ya lisen—	Asking questions	State Normal
Uyeda, Maud	Maudie	Don’t ask me	Drawing	Artist
Verbarg, Dorothy	Dot	I like it	Studying	Famous
Violante, Inez	Non	That’s vile	Bobbed hair	To visit Mexico
Waxman, Sylvia	Silly	Got anything to eat?	Collecting pencils	Tennis “champ”
Wildberg, Louise	Wilder	I should know	Lowell	Lady of leisure
Wolf, Kathryn	Tabby	Oh—say	Color scheme	Second Paderewski
Wong, Ruth	Angel	Kiddo	Y. W. C. A.	Missionary
Zinkhand, Carla	Carl	That’s swell	Dieting	To get thin



The four years spent in high school are but a part of the many years of lasting friendship formed during those happy years of association and companionship. After graduation, the Alumnae Association is the one link that binds and holds together the friendships formed at Girls High School. No matter how diverse their interests may be, members of the Alumnae find in this association, the means of reviving those ever-sweet recollections of school days. It is true that "a school is as strong as its alumnae" and the high seniors should not fail to recognize and to take advantage of this means of keeping alive their love of Girls High.

ENGAGEMENTS

Marian Hirch of June, '21, has announced her engagement to Mr. Louis Kahn.

Marian Trowbridge is engaged to Mr. Joshua Kirk.

Henriette Jacobs of June, '21, has recently become engaged to Mr. Bernard Grieff.

Irene Summerfield, also of June, '21, is engaged to Mr. Harold Klinger.

Lucile Bergerot recently announced her engagement to Mr. Alton Collins, and will be married in the spring.

Edna Oppenheim has announced her engagement to Mr. George Fredrick Waterman of this city.

Gladys Little is engaged to Mr. Reed Funston.

MARRIAGES

Leonore Morris was married to Mr. Bernard Wolff on August 18, 1921.

Eleanor Bentzen is now Mrs. James H. Gimmel.

Marian Wirtner, who was graduated in December, '19, was recently married to Lieut. Herbert Anderson, U. S. N.

Myrell Rosenthall became the bride of Dr. Jack Werner.

Margaret Perkins, a graduate of several years ago, was married to Mr. Christopher Trowbridge on October 31, 1921.

Helen Bissinger became the bride of Mr. Hartley Hutchins.

Lola Plumb is now Mrs. Joseph Pivernitz.

BIRTHS

Mrs. Walter Charles Ansel (formerly Eleanor Dyer) is the mother of a baby girl, Abbie Dora Ansel.

Mrs. Horace Bloch (Therese Kutner) is the proud mother of a daughter, Babette.

MISCELLANEOUS

Margaret Hagan, Mary Renish, Gertrude Starky, Reis Diehl, and Helen Lafee are employed in downtown offices.

Aida Ducato is serving in the capacity of Dr. Scott's secretary.

Elinor Raas, Isabel Carter and Edith Solomons are attending Mills College.

Doris Black is attending the San Francisco Institute of Art.

Virginia Peak, Marjorie Burrough, Edith Ricomini and Jessie Pratt are attending State Normal.

Sophie Roehr and Helen Sabalot are taking a course at Munson's School for Private Secretaries.

Dorothy Ball and Mignon Berndt are attending Gallagher-Marsh Business College.

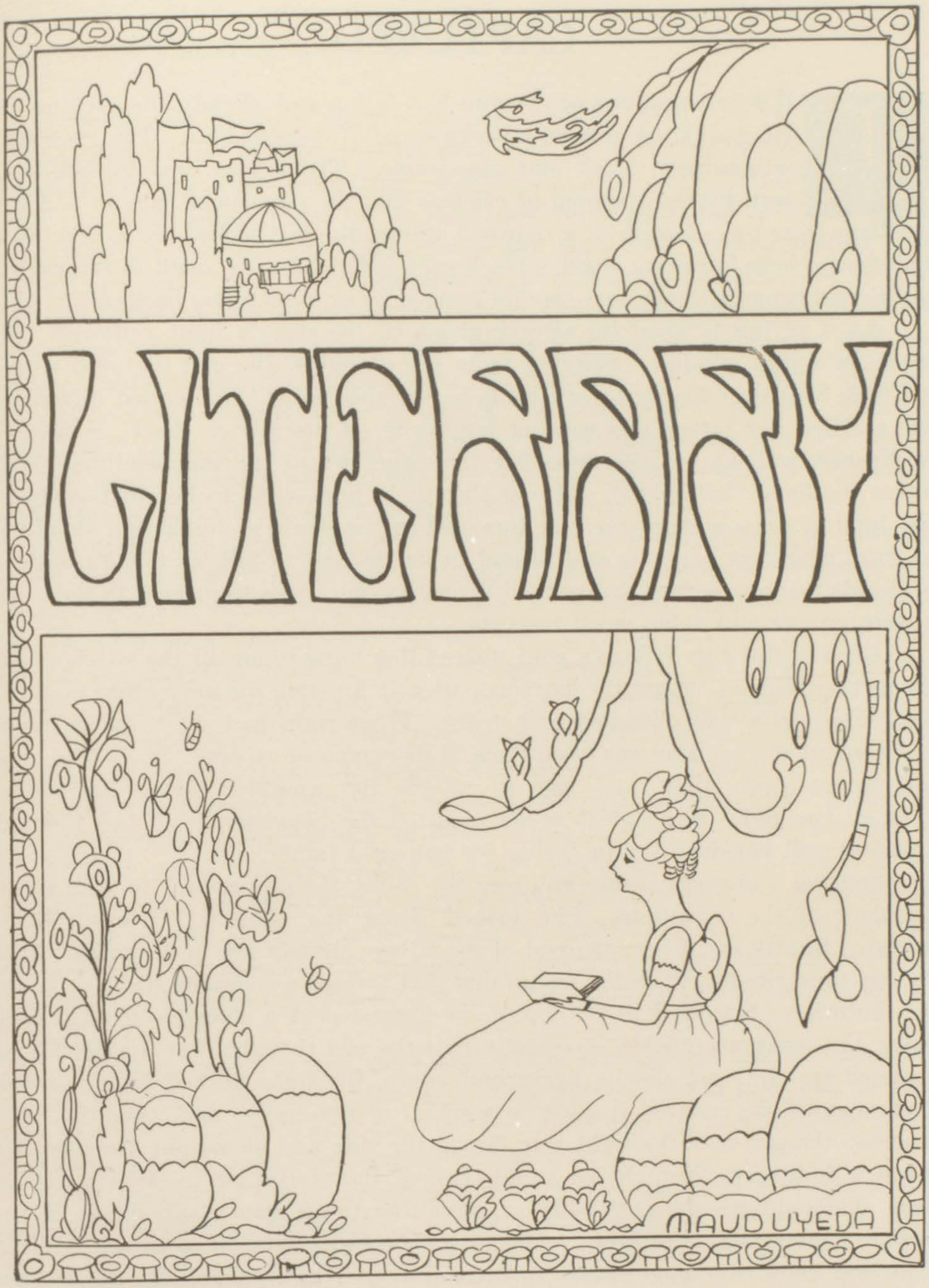
Mary Uyeda of Dec., '19, has been visiting in Japan for the last year.

Helen and Claire Stringer are enjoying a pleasant trip in the East.

Frances Morrell, a graduate of several years ago, is teaching in a school near Petaluma.

Ruth Brenner of Dec., '09, who has been in New York for two or more years studying lighting, designing of stage setting and costumes, has recently established a community playhouse—The Sequoia Little Theatre, as an outlet for amateur and ex-professional talent in dramatics. Plans are made to present a series of very delightful plays and they should appeal to all those interested in the presentation of the drama.

''Pat'' Geen is song leader of the Freshman Class and Marion Harron of the Sophomore Class of U. C.


LITERARY
MAUD UYEDA

CAPTURED

THE first shadows of evening had fallen and already the evening star was twinkling against a background of deepest blue. The trees stood as sentinels, black and immovable. The silence was unbroken except by the chirping of crickets and the occasional bark of a dog in a village near by. Seated on a redwood stump, the girl looked up to the top of the knoll where her cabin stood, a black spot, infinitesimally small in comparison to the vast expanse of the heavens that formed an ever-changing background to it.

As if trying to rival the silvery gleam of the star, a faint yellowish light shone in a tiny window. Stirring from her thoughts, the girl pictured a frail old man bent over his well-worn Bible before this light. She smiled bitterly as she realized her father was waiting for the latest news from the U. S. soldiers in France, waiting to take from her the paper whose glaring headlines fairly burnt the hand that held it. It was absolutely impossible to her that America, her land of dreams, supreme and foremost in the world's civilization should be at war; nearly as barbaric and primal in its instinct to kill, as though millions of people had not worked and prayed through generations to present to the world a country fine and noble in all respects.

Even in this tiny village a gold-starred flag hung in one of the windows and the mother that sat behind the flag was patiently knitting for some other mother's son. The girl's eyes glistened with tears. What right had she to be so happy and contented when war was upon them in its grimmest aspect? She would cross the ocean, work night and day to relieve the wounded—labor and suffer with all the rest. She sighed as she realized the hopelessness of her thought, knowing well her duty lay in caring for her aged father.

Pausing a moment before entering the cabin, the girl turned to gaze at the grandeur of the mountains. She looked down the slope where a few lights twinkled faintly and where the rest of the village already lay in darkness. Raising her eyes, she looked to the mountains that formed a complete wall far as the eye could see. Suddenly at the top of the highest peak a strong and vivid light shone, but went out quickly, so quickly that the girl thought that she must have dreamed it. But no, slowly, again and again, the light flashed in an uneven rhythm until she realized it must be a signal of some sort; and watching more intently, the girl saw the light was facing the side and shone out far past her vision. Suddenly, through her mind, rushed the stories of spies in America. Even she could see the possibility of signalling to an enemy submarine in the harbor, some seven miles away. Her eyes shone with happiness as she realized what that knowledge might mean to her country. Knowing well the importance of getting a message immediately to the sheriff, the girl hurried to the little village and sent one of the boys, with a note, to the town.

The sheriff, awakened from his evening nap, received the note with astonishment. Nothing, in all his experience as sheriff, had annoyed him quite so much. Duty stared him in the face, but his comfort came first in all things. So settling back in his easy chair, he put the note in his pocket, promising himself to attend to the matter first thing in the morning.

* * * *

Even though going at quite a leisurely rate of speed, the yellow roadster caused quite a cloud of dust, and the soldier at the wheel had assumed a look of boredom that was nearly annoyance. Seven miles over a rough road was not conducive to create good spirits in the most cheerful person, and Whitney Brooks was not in the best frame of mind. To be sent home from France because of an injured arm was a great disappointment to the boy, but to be sent to the country and allowed to do nothing except trail an ancient sheriff around and assist him in keeping "heathenish" boys from enjoying a well-loved swimming pool, was adding insult to injury. "And now," he thought, "some country girl, who secretly has been reading detective stories, has seen a spy signalling. Probably a fire-fly." He added a disgusted grunt to the rattling of the car over the impossible road. Whitney was just plain bored with the world and as he "jammed" on the brakes he little expected the sight that greeted him.

Standing like some spirit of the woods against a background of trees and undergrowth was a girl so exquisitely beautiful that the boy stared in amazement. Dressed in a simple brown dress her golden curls pinned high on her head, the girl stared in equal amazement. She had been standing there for an hour, waiting for the sheriff to drive his rickety buggy to her gate, but to have this hero arrive—all soldiers were heroes in her eyes—was startling, to say the least.

"Good morning," smiled the boy, his ill humor slipping from him. "I'm from the sheriff—my name's Brooks—Whitney Brooks. Your name—and we'll be properly introduced." The girl smiled faintly and answered in the sweet voice the soldier knew would belong to her—"June Elvirdge." Whitney was delighted—of course her name would be June. Suddenly he felt foolishly clumsy and the words, so recently at his tongue's end, seemed to have disappeared. But June took matters in her own hands. As she related her story, Whitney found himself watching her graceful motions and the golden curl that the wind had loosened. A German spy was the subject, and Whitney forced himself to listen intently.

Promising to return with the sheriff in the evening and take her with them up the steep road that led to the spot where June had seen the light, Whitney again started his car with as much reluctance as before, but in a far better humor. The bumps in the road were nothing to him now.

And back at the cabin, the girl told her father all that had happened and the color in her cheeks and sparkle in her eyes could not all be blamed on the spy.

"That boy sure has changed his ideas," murmured the old sheriff as he listened to the boy's earnest story.

That evening the aged father sat by his lamp reading, after the two machines had left for the mountains. He smiled faintly at his own excitement. A good deal later he heard the first car go thundering past the door and a few minutes later he heard another car slow down and stop. He could hear footsteps on the path outside and the subdued whisper of voices. Suddenly June's voice rang out: "How can I ever thank you—Mr. Brooks"—A gruff whisper interrupted—the sweet voice went on a little more softly—"I mean Whitney. And to think that I have captured a German spy!" Her father rejoiced at her words, but failed to catch the answer. As she opened the door, Whitney's words still rang in her ears—"And today you have also captured something else—a soldier

—Lois Smith, Dec. '21

The Unattainable

I do not know, I cannot understand
The feeling that is part of me tonight.
It seems to be a sense of endless loss,
Of futile love, and of far deeper want
Than e'er was known unto the vainest leaf
That gazed into the stream and saw therein
The image of its lovely form bedecked
In Autumn colors, and that sighed for it.
Thou know'st not what it really is to crave,
To long for, and to hopelessly admire
A being who must soon be torn away
For countless years of endless agony.
For so can anytime appear to one
Who truly loved, and lost—and loved on still,
With taunting recollections of the past,
Like myriads of fiendish, impish dwarfs,
Forever surging through a weary head
And trampling, as with hoofs of iron shod,
Upon a soul already sick and dead.
Where Hope, though faint and pale, dost linger still
Oh! pour in Joy that bitter cup to fill!

—Barbara Perkins, June '23

THE GREEN CUTDOWN

YOU have all seen those pests of the road—those much-discussed and much-abused annoyances, commonly called "cutdowns." No matter how bright the paint, or how numerous the shifts, or how disguised the radiator, when the hood is raised, one inevitably finds, buzzing and kicking, the dear old Lizzy Ford motor.

No matter how hateful these appear to Dad, there comes a time in the life of every young son when his one great ambition is to own a cutdown, and, judging by the number found on our highways, most of the boys succeed in gaining "their heart's desire."

Such a fortunate youth was our young hero, Tommy Win. His cutdown, the envy of all the other youths of the town, was really a remarkable work of art. The main body was painted a most brilliant green, but Tommy's can of paint evidently gave out, and, finding himself unable to match the shade, he painted the seats a lighter and much less startling hue. A pair of disc wheels, in color bright red, was proudly exhibited in the front, but alas! two rather worn and shabby wheels of the common wooden spoke variety were forced to do service in the back.

The proud possessor of this cutdown speedily became the Beau Brummel of the town. The fair damsels beamed cordially on Tom in the hope of receiving an invitation to ride. But although Tommy was awfully good company at parties, dancing with all the girls, and even occasionally asking one to ride in his precious car, as yet no girl could proudly testify that he was "her beau" until—but I am afraid I am going ahead too fast, and must stop and tell you of the arrival in town of Margot White.

Margot was one of those girls that, somehow, one just can't describe. She seemed just a fluff of golden hair and blue eyes, eyes that sort of melted into yours, and a hand so soft, that when you took it, you were afraid of crushing it. Tom met her at a dance, and from then on, his only thought was to see her, and escort her to the movies, and take her riding in the car.

The cutdown gave him a decided advantage over her other suitors, and life seemed very bright to Tom. One evening he called for Margot, and they went motoring. Tom had spent all day oiling and cleaning the cutdown, and it seemed in better running condition than ever. They raced along the road, Tom demonstrating his skill as a speed demon. This little burst of recklessness seemed to give him courage, and, slowing down, he faced Margot with determination in his eyes, and endeavored to tell her of his love.

Fate was cruel to our hero, for just at the critical moment in his appeal, the car backfired, quivered, and came to a most unexpected and disheartening stop. Margot was, of course, greatly excited, and Tom was forced "to get out and get under" and investigate the trouble. A leaking gas tank told its own sad tale, and, with no garage for miles around, the unfortunates were obliged to get out, and begin a long, dreary walk towards home.

Tom vainly tried to bring the conversation back to where it had been so rudely interrupted, but Margot would have none of it. Having on a new, and consequently tight, pair of shoes, she was not thrilled at the idea of walking, and her anger found expression in reproaches, scoldings, and womanly sarcasm, all of which were hurled at innocent Tom. Therefore, it was with a great sense of relief that both of them viewed the lights and streets of the sleeping town.

Tom was no longer a frequent visitor at the White's, and the cutdown, which he regarded as the destroyer of his happiness, was put on sale. The new owner was delighted with the bargain he had been so fortunate in making, and let us hope that the cutdown brought him more happiness than it did to our disappointed and heartbroken hero.

—Gladyce Arata, June '23

A Mirror's Soliloquy

I'm sure there's no other contrivance
Been made by the wisdom of man,
That equals me so in importance,
Since the seventeenth century began.

Yes,—many a pet superstition
Concerning the length of my life,
Has been carried for ages and ages,—
To break me meant trouble and strife.

Around me the novelist centers
His plot or his mystery solution.
I know very well anyone can find me
In any first-class institution.

If one should examine me closely,
And see of what I'm composed,
I doubt if he'd imagine
His secrets I may have exposed.

I have come to this truthful conclusion
From my corner just over the shelf,
One can judge anybody's true character,
By the way he looks at himself.

I'm only a mirror who's speaking—
From these comments I just can't refrain—
I'll close now by saying quite frankly
Most people are awfully vain.

—Adaline Loeb, Dec. '23

This Term's Screen Offerings

"The Charm School"	Girls High School
"The Miracle Man"	Dr. Scott
"The Restless Sex"	All of Us
"The Idle Class"	Most of Us
"Untamed"	The Freshmen
"A Dog's Life"	Gymnasium
"Home Stretch"	Seniors
"Partners of the Tide"	G. Speier and R. Scheeline
"Short Skirts"	Sylvia Waxman
"A Heart to Let"	Virginia Kroll
"The Great Impersonation"	Meral Arkush
"Cinderella's Twin"	Amelia Franchini
"Straight from Paris"	Mlle. Revoy
"The Sign on the Door"	The Journal Office
"Home Talent"	Dramatic Club
"Dangerous Lies"	Some Excuses
"Closed Doors"	Teachers' Meeting
"A Riding Romeo"	Isabell Bluhm
"The Great Moment"	3:05
"The Kid"	Kathleen Carey
"Desperate Youth"	A Bluffer
"The Girl With the Jazz Heart"	Betty Jellinek
"Love Expert"	Ruth Mann
"The Penalty"	Report Cards
"The Perfect Crime"	D's
"Experience"	Jane Freedman
"What Women Will Do"	So We Notice
"Gay Old Dog"	Margaret Reynolds
"A Full House"	Girls High (now)
"The Dancin' Fool"	Ruth Bramstedt
"The End of the Trail"	Graduation
"Great Adventure"	College

JUST HAPPY

There's a fine, big earth to live on, with pretty things to see,
It's just the place for happiness, yet it appears to me
That folks don't seem to 'preciate some things the way they could—
They kind of look at things 'wrongside' not 'rightside,' as they should!

How can a human bein'—countrybred or raised in town—
Keep a-goin' wearin' daily—just one long continued frown?
What's the matter with these people? Can't they lose their grouch a bit?
Can't they smile today—tomorrow—'till they just lose all of it?

Some just can't keep from smilin' or a-keep from feelin' gay
Cause they're glad to be a-livin'—workin' on from day to day.
When they hear the birds a-singin'—watch the plants a-growin' new
Feel the warm and comfy sunshine—then they're glad with Nature too.

So you folks, who're always grumblin'—don't you know it ain't no sin,
To open up your mouth with laughter, pleasant words, or even grin?
Though you may have had your grouches almost from your time of birth,
Lose 'em somehow. Smile,—be happy! Let God know you like His earth.

—Adaline Loeb, Dec. '23

My Lady of the Browns

"Fares please—fares."

At this familiar sound the inmates of a Powell Street car began to bring forth nickels and dimes from the dark recesses of pockets and purses.

When the conductor reached the last individual, he found her vigorously stirring up the contents of a grip. By her actions, together with her appearance, she attracted much attention. From the tip of the tallest feather on her hat, and thence downward to the bottom of her feet, she was clad in brown. What a play on that colorful term! I doubt if the word, itself, ever before realized the host of shades that came under its name.

After a pair of slippers, almost orange, a pair of oxblood stockings was the next offense to my eye. Then a skirt of golden brown material showed beneath the coat of nigger brown. The grip on her lap was a faded brown with streaks of yellow on its surface. Above this a tan jacket protruded from the opening of the coat. A strip of mink fur thrust itself into view below the buff-colored scarf about her neck. Her skin was even darker than cream, and a pair of light brown eyes looked out from under some stray locks of hair, nearly red, but still in the neighborhood of brown. Finally, a turban of chocolate brown velvet and various shades of feathers crowned her head.

She was not stout. For this, we may be thankful, for, in that case, she probably could have added other brown accessories to her person.

I had time to ascertain all this before she produced the sought-for purse which, incidentally, was brown, thus showing her hands encased in gloves of a shade very closely related to sand. Very much unconcerned as to the attention she attracted, she handed the conductor a nickel, and settled back to ride the remaining block with an easy mind. When she got off the car, she displayed a flat leather case which was plainly for music. It, also, was brown.

I was supposed to have somewhat of a "bug on harmony." My family discovered this when I was but a small child. At a luncheon where the decorations were all pink, I discovered that the cold-boiled ham was of the prevailing color scheme. In consequence, my relations kindly decided that I should be an interior decorator, and that the key-note of my personality was color. These relatives would probably have had the woman in brown removed from the car, lest her inharmonious dress clash upon my nerves. However, I was by myself, and the interest she created started my imagination.

In my spare moments I contemplated upon this woman, and idly scratched on a pad the names of the shades she wore and was dumbfounded at the number—russet, ox-blood, golden brown, nigger, tan, buff, chocolate, sand and leather browns. I began to wonder whether browns were her hobby or her occupation. My conclusion to my musing was that she was unmarried, lived alone, and was a music teacher. Was not the music case a sign of the latter? Alas, my thoughts were not consistent for I could not conceive of anyone's understanding the harmony of music, with no conception of color harmony. I satisfied this thought by remembering that people with temperaments usually sacrificed dress to art. They say a person shows his character through his hobbies. Her hobby for browns made her a curious genius.

She must be—according to my conjectures—both forgetful and untidy from the way she hunted through her grip. She had looked at the conductor patronizingly—as I remembered—when she handed him the nickel, as much as to say, "Take it, dear."

I concluded that she was one of those individuals who marches into the foyer of a theatre at the last quarter of the minute before the curtain rises, exclaiming to her waiting friends, "Oh, girls—so sorry to keep you waiting, but I just discovered the most wonderful bargain in bronze taffeta petticoats for only $2.98. Of course, I couldn't let it go by. You didn't mind waiting, I am sure."

On many consecutive mornings I saw her, and my conjectures grew and grew. Sometimes the nigger brown coat was replaced by a taupe cape, and again, she wore a suit of reindeer brown. She possessed many hats, all of which looked like "home brews." They were all brown, and brown all over. She wore brown beads, carried brown bags, and a brown umbrella. I am sure she had a brown lap dog at home. She radiated brown. If her color had been determined by violet rays, it would certainly have been brown, or, at least, yellow.

One morning she did not get on the car at her usual corner, and I began to feel lonesome right away. I looked out the car window, and saw her running down the hill. When she saw the crowd getting on the car, she walked the rest of the way quite leisurely, so leisurely that she missed the car. Her face fell as flat and as suddenly as a first cake. This gave me a little more of her character: It told me that she had an air of self-importance. I forgave the latter, feeling that a genius of her type should receive more recognition.

After having seen her almost every morning for several months, I began to speak to her, thus discovering her voice a very sweet one. Then I was convinced that she gave vocal lessons. I did not think myself bold when I went so far as to say that it was a nice day. Regular performers on Powell Street car straps are apt to get quite chummy with their fellow sufferers.

I was still conjecturing on the size of her home and its location when one morning she was addressed by a very large self-important man who boarded the car at the St. Francis Hotel.

"How do you do, Mrs. Brown?"—At this I became so weak that it took all my strength to bear me up—"Do you remember me?"

"Of course, I do," she said,—"Mr. Charles Ingram of New York. When did you come to the Golden State?"

He replied that he was starting one of his factories in San Francisco, and was then on his way to visit her office to obtain a factory system.

I descended from the car dazed, bewildered, and crushed. I sort of wished I was a dog, and could slink away out of sight. Of course, I had told no one of my imaginings concerning "My Lady of the Browns," but the blow to my vanity made me feel like a criminal. Her name was Brown. She was a systematizer.

The music case was a brief case. Each thought struck me as a separate blow.

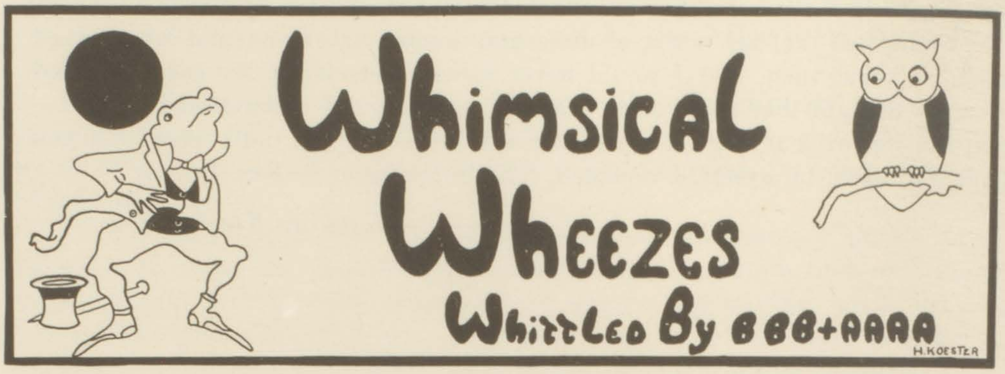
I admitted that my power of discerning human nature was not my greatest asset. I knew, then, that I would never make a detective. My mind lingered over the thought that this woman was a systematizer. I understood it all not—that she was even trying to systematize her dress, but had not perfected it yet. Over and over, to myself, I repeated, "Even her name is Mrs. Brown."

—*Geraldine Knight, June '22*

Sonnet on Reward

Reward! What is it? To whom shall it come?
To those that see the way 'twixt right and wrong
And then pursue the path of mirth and song?
Or shall the few that ne'er a wrong have done
But selfishly the narrow way have won
And stopped not once to help the lost along,
But lived and gloried that their will was strong,
Believing then their race was safely run?
To me it seems that those who all the while
Are being kind, and doing deeds that cheer,
Who see no face that shows the need of light
Pass sadly by, nor give a helpful smile.
Those are at last, the soul's reward is near
For all through life their hearts were pure and bright.

—*Eunice Hague, June* '22



Lives of Seniors all remind us
We may yet become the rage
And departing leave behind us
Autographs on a Journal page.

Our brilliant speaker, Anne de Gruchy, is scheduled to debate with the shade of King Solomon on a question of woman's universal suffrage. Good luck, Anne, uphold woman's reputation as a talker.

"The love that surpasseth all understanding"—love for the teacher who holds the tardy class.

The famous and inseparable Emma Waldeck and Leslie Jacobs are planning a most unique vocation. They intend establishing a much-needed "Lost and Found Agency" in Girls High. We consider the choice very appropriate for them.

Quotations of Seven Sages of G. H. S.

Know thy majors	Dr. Scott
Most marks are C's	Miss Armer
Know thy gym periods	Miss Rosenberg
Consider thy school	Miss Noonan
Avoid the conceited	Mr. Centner
Nothing is impossible	Mr. Dupuy
Inefficiency is the precursor of ruin	Miss Hobe

To her who declares that school spirit is dead and belongs to another age, we point proudly to the 3B and 4A Class Presidents, Ruth Wale and Anita Von Husen.

Now that we have a school paper, gossiping in the halls between periods will—theoretically—cease.

Life is one worry after another. One no sooner finishes geometry than our college recs raise their gentle heads and cry "What about us?"

Avis Nelson and Gloria Cooksley announce that they will open a club for the cultivation of good reading. They plan to alternate books to bring out the comparison—for instance—First there will be a Scott and Dickens, and then a Robert W. Chambers or Zane Grey. However, it is thought that Scott and Dickens are so long that they will be read in condensed editions—a la Book of Knowledge. The other books will be read in their charming(?) entirety.

Speaking of condensed classics, we wonder why some bright person does not revise our poetry as well as our prose, so that the poor, overworked student doesn't have to spend so much time wondering what the poet meant? Merely to show that it can be done, we add a few examples by our poetic selves.

Gray's Elegy—Some poor farmers are buried here. They did not make a great splash in life, but don't knock them. They never had a chance.

Rabbi Ben Ezra—(Browning)—This poem shows a case of sour grapes. An old fellow gets jealous of youth, but seeing that he has to make the best of it, he tries to make us believe that it's great to be old.

We do not contend that these offerings possess as much of the spirit and language of the original, but they are as good as the condensed works of Scott and Dickens in the "Book of Knowledge" or "Fifty Famous Condensed Classics."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Ruth W(h)ale is far from being large.
Marion Belle, it is said, never lived over a Pond.
Othella Burner is not at all fiery.
Estelle's sunny smile surely contradicts her Black name.
There is nothing Grey about Sallie.
Frances, history tells us, is not descended from the ancient Bar(r)ons.
Neither is Lucy at all like a Webb.
Antoinette's Bean seems to thrive in Olive's Marsh in spite of Dorothy's Frost.
On the other hand, perhaps Ruth can Cook.
Marion is often the Victor.
Genevieve would make a sweet Bride.
And Miss Bluhm Is—a—belle in G. H. S. dramatic circles.

Ask no questions and you'll not embarrass the teachers.

The studying bird catches the "A."

Out at night and late to rise
Makes a girl tardy and unwise.

—Laurette Cullinan
—Bernice Volante

"SIGNOR"

"I no can work, how mooch I try,
But only seet and wonder why
I could not justa live and die—
En Napoli."

"Signor Daly, he ees one smart man to write laka dat. He know wat he talk about. Thank you, signor, for show it me. But today my heart ees not so seek for Napoli as alway—I am so happy laka da sun. Maria, she come to Noo Yorka, by'n'by. Las' night I sen' her da mon for her, la bambina, an' la madre. Maria? I no tal you before about Maria? Maria ees—my wife.

"One day—oh, it seem so long time ago—I leeve my Maria an' la bambina at Napoli. Oh, Maria she cry long, long, time before I go; and when I tal her I no go because I lov her too mooch, she cry lot more. Women ees so funny, signor —dey cry when you do laka dey tel you, an' dey cry when you don' do laka dey tell you. But Maria, she and la madre, dey kees me goo-bye one bright day—Oh, da sun shine so bright in Napoli signor!—an' I sail for dees country to make moocha mon' right away queek, laka day tal me.

"But it ees not as I am tol, signor. Dey not t'row away da mon' in da streets for da poor people. I mus' work to maka da mon I wan' to sen' to Maria. Den dees war, he breaka out, an' I no hear from my wife. My heart ees seeck for fear, signor. I write an' write but I no hear. I no can fight because day say de feet flat. So I can only wait.

"One day I am at my stan' just laka today, an' I call, 'Nica fresh popcorn, nica red apple—you laka banan', signor? I am ver' happy because da war ees finish, an' I have heard from my Maria. So I call my apples, an' dream of Maria an' la bambina. I have almos' da mon to senda dem to America. Sudden' a beeg machine, it com' down da street, firs' on one side den d'odder. I jump queeck an' I sleep in da gutter, an' I fall—I fall so hard, signor. No, da machine not hurta me or itself, but, it busta my stan'—smash! Den it back away queeck an ees gone before I peeka me up from da gutter. My stan'! Da nica red apples, dey roll all aroun' on da street an' all da leetla boys, dey peeka dem up an' run away queeck. Da banan' are all brown. Most nothin' ees lef, signor. It maka me seek to see it.

'I seet don on da sidewalk an' taka my head in my hands an' I think of Maria what can no com' now for long time to me. It taka moocha mon' for new stan', signor. Da people dey peek up what ees lef', but I no see. Long time I seet an' t'ink. I would laka to keel de man in da machine. By'n'by it ees dark an' I go home where Maria can no com' for long time.

"Nes' mornin' I no see how bright da sun shine. I have no stan' an' I mus' taka da mon' for new one from da mon' for I am ver' sorry signor, when at las' I go where my stan' has been. But a nica young man ees dere.

" 'Ees it your stan' I break yesterday?' he say.

"I say, 'Yes.'

"'I am ver' sorry,' he say—'How mooch it cost to getta new stan?'

"I tell him an' we talk. Before he go—he giva me mooch mon'—some for Maria, her madre an' la bambina, too. So I am ver' happy today.

"Nica red apples, nica fresh popcorn!

"You laka banan', signor?"

—Adaline Loeb, June '23

STYLES

(By Lady Bluff-Boredom)

These few suggestions from headquarters will enable you to choose a wardrobe conforming with the latest and most approved fashions.

* * * *

The predominating color for the year will be tangerine. All will note, that the wearing of this color will be of use to our orange-eating sisters, as the orange season is now open. It would not be a bad idea, for all to wear this becoming shade, as the juice of an orange often reaches far and wide.

For the tea-drinking gossips, Joseph has originated many new tea gowns. Each gown represents a different beverage—as chocolate, coffee, and orange pekce or English breakfast. It saves the waiter's asking undetermined misses, their choice, and also saves the great problem of choosing, and in so doing, missing the latest tid-bits of gossip. For those not on a diet, the chocolate gown is the most popular.

Fringe and monkey fur are very much in vogue. These are very convenient for disguising a girl as a pomeranian or airedale, when she wishes to cut school for the afternoon.

After much discussion, Bloch's decided that the faces should be made up in the deadliest white, as the old proverb is "A rouged face cannot excuse you from gym or recitation." Black frocks are, therefore, popular for bringing out greater pallor in the face.

Due to the great congestion in the cloak rooms, collapsible hats and coats are of great value.

For further suggestions, write to Lady Bluff-Boredom (Cecile).

—Doris Leopold, Dec. '21

The Tears of Ayche

FAR, far away in the north, there is a rugged mountain range cleft by a picturesque valley through which flows the beautiful Chehatchee River. This river is broken by many waterfalls—the most beautiful of which is Wawona, or, as it is sometimes called, "The Tears of Ayche." This name was given it by the brave Saboba Indians who inhabited that region for many years. The origin of the name of the waterfall "Tears of Ayche" is attributed to the following legend:

Young Ayche, the most beautiful Indian maiden of her tribe, was about to become the wife of Arrow Head, the great warrior. She was passionately in love with him, and counted the hours until the time should come when she would go to him and live in peace and contentment.

The marriage day arrived and, amid much feasting and celebrating, Ayche became the wife of the renowned Arrow Head, around whose belt hung the scalps of many a foe.

One day, great excitement arose when a wounded Indian runner dragged himself into the village with the alarming news that their old enemies, the Ipaho, were on the war-path and their chief, Lone Wolf, had vowed never to return until the last of the Sabobas had been killed or captured.

Undaunted by Lone Wolf's boast, Arrow Head gathered his warriors about him and set out to rout their enemies.

The village was now deserted except for the squaws, children and the old Indians, whose fighting days had passed. Ayche and the other Indian maidens anxiously awaited the outcome of the battle, for they knew if their warriors were defeated it meant capture, possibly death or slavery for them. Each day they gathered at the summit of Black Hawk Hill to await the return of the warriors, or at least news of the battle, and each day the suspense became more terrible. Days passed and still no news.

One evening, just as the sun was sinking behind the hills, Ayche and her companions suddenly perceived clouds of dust arising from the hoofs of an approaching band of horsemen. As they drew nearer, it was the proud figure of Lone Wolf, and not that of Arrow Head, that headed the band, and the hearts of the watchers were filled with dismay. The worst had befallen them. They were doomed to captivity. Ayche, along with the rest of the squaws was carried off to the camp of Lone Wolf. They smeared their faces and hair with pitch and ashes—the symbol of widow's mourning among the Sabobas. When Spring came the widowed squaws removed the pitch and ashes as a sign that their period of mourning was at an end, and to show their willingness to remarry. All did this except Ayche, who removed hers only to replace it again for she could not remarry and remain true to her beloved Arrow Head.

This angered Lone Wolf since he had singled her out for his own. Her beauty had not escaped him and he vowed that she should become his wife.

He approached her as she sat grinding corn one day, and bade her come to his teepee. She knew what this meant and could not bear to have another take the place of Arrow Head. She looked at the proud figure of Lone Wolf beckoning her to his wigwam. Desperate, she turned and fled, fleet as a deer, through the thickets down towards the waterfall. Wawona's rush and roar called to her as the one means of escape. Poised on the brink, she cast one backward glance at the enraged and pursuing Lone Wolf, then gazing heavenward, she stretched out both arms as though embracing a figure, and with a wild leap, cast herself over the precipice into the raging torrents and was seen no more.

Lone Wolf was foiled and Ayche joined Arrow Head in the Happy Hunting Grounds. The "Tears of Ayche" were all that remained; a perpetual symbol of the great sacrifice of the Indian maiden to remain faithful to her husband.

—Chispa Barnes, Dec. '22

To a Star

Shrouded in mystery, proud and haughty star
Where, from the heavens, thou dost ever gaze
On us, who view thee only through a haze.
Cold thou may'st seem, thou art so far
To us thy distance is a lasting bar,
Nearer thy gorgeous splendor would amaze,
Equal in brilliance to the sun's brightest rays
No force can thy great beauty mar.
So, too, in Life we often would condemn
Those things, in ignorance of which always
We know not of, and so do doubt their virtue.
If we were closer we would find in men
Much goodness which they do not oft display,
Constant as thou, oh star! and just as true.

—Marian Meyerfield, Dec. '22

ROSAMOND

JUST across from Charleston, South Carolina, on the west bank of the Ashley River, in the tiny village called St. Andrew's Parish, there stands an old southern mansion. The driveway which leads to this home is bordered on each side by two rows of beautiful oaks. They are so close together that their spreading branches are entwined, and the great quantity of soft moss forms a thick covering over them all. The house itself is very delapidated now, and the once beautiful garden is overgrown with weeds, but there had been a time, in the long ago, when the rooms echoed with the laughter of young voices, and the stately oaks spread their arms protectingly over young lovers strolling arm in arm along the paths. The only occupant of the place is an old negro mammy, who lives in a tiny cabin near the big house. If you go to her some afternoon she will tell you this story:

''Dis here place, honey, once b'longed to Jedge Langdon, mah ole massa. Young missy, his daughter, was the purties gurl anywha' roun' yere, an' she wuz as sweet as she wuz purty. Ebrybody in de parish lubed her, an' dere wuz not a nigger on de plantation dat wouldn't a' died fuh her. Ebry young man on dis side o' de riber wuz co'tin' her at one time or nuther, but Miss Rosamond never eben looked at 'em mo' den jes' for common p'liteness. But one summah dere came down from de North a college frien' o' her brother's, an' den de trouble began. Miss Rosamond loved 'im frum de fust day she saw him, an co'se he couldn't he'p but fall in lub with her. He stayed de whole summah long, an' honey, dat wuz some summah in de big house. Jedge Langdon did ebrything he could ter give Marse Kharlton a good time, an he sho' did succeed. Dere wuz pahties, mos' ebry night, an' hunts, an' boat rides, an' hossback ridin' in de daytime. But Marse Kharlton, he didn't kere what wuz goin' on, jes so's missy wuz wid him. By de end ob de summah, dey wuz jes' as good as engaged. Missy drooped lak a rose when he lef, but she write letters to him mos' ebry day. Well, dat spring de war bruk out, an' de jedge, he tole missy dat she mus' neber see Marse Kharlton agin, or write no mo' letters to him. Po' missy, dat nea'ly bruk her heart, an' she neber write no mo' letters. Dere is other ways ob hearin' from folks besides letters, an' if I ain't mistook, missy used dat other way.

''Time went on, an' de war kep' gettin' wus an' wus for de Southern gen'lemen, cause de Yankee sojers wuz killin 'em right an' lef'. One day, a reg'ment of 'em come to St. Andrew's and Jedge Langdon, he had ter gib 'em supper dat night. One sojer perticeler I noticed a-actin' mighty queer, so I jes' kep' mah eye on him. He wouldn't go near any ob de fambly, and when I seen him ketch little missy's eye an' seen her nod her head, den I knew he wuz Marse Tom Kharlton. I watched 'em close. Dey wuz gone frum de room a good time, an' when dey came back I s'pected sumpin' wuz up.

''Well, honey, when I went to Missy's room de next mornin' dere wuz no missy. Ole massa neah 'bout had a fit. He went stompin' roun' de house a-callin' 'Rosamond! Rosamond!' as if his heart 'ud break. She'd lef' a note sayin' she hed run away ter git married ter Marse Tom, an' unless her daddy would forgive her an' him, she would never come back.

"Ole jedge, he wuz so proud dat he said he would never forgive 'em, so dere it stood; but he used ter go up an' down underneath dose dere trees a-callin' 'Rosamond! Rosamond!' all de time.

"One day, in de las' yeah o' de war, when Sherman wuz down heah, ole massa insulted a Yankee sojer, an' some men come to tak' him to jail. Dey carried him to de cotehouse, an' de massa he wuz taken to Marse Kharlton! Widout anuther word de jedge wuz set free for de sake of his daughtah. Ole massa forgive him right off, an' missy, who wuz way up North, wuz sent for right away.

"But when dey wrote fo' her, it wuz too late. She tuk sick an' died w'le her husban' wuz in de South, an' we neber saw her agin. Dey is all dead now, but on wintah nights, if you all lis'en you can heah mah ole massa a-walkin' up an' down an' callin' 'Rosamond! Rosamond!' "

—Lois Waldron, June '22

Song Varieties

"Peggy" my "Cherie" I am "Waiting," "Always" "All by Myself" in the "Moonlight" "Down by the Ohio" "Underneath the Palms" or "In an Old Fashioned Garden." The "Lovebird" says you "Dream of Me" and are "Yearning" and have those "Left Alone Again Blues." "Have You Forgotten" "Why Dear" that "Morning, Noon and Night" I see your "Bright Eyes" and am "Grieving for You" and have those "Cry Baby Blues." "I Never Knew" that I could learn to "Smile" and "Make Believe" in your "Absence," but "Day Dreams" bring "Memories" of "Hapiness" of "You and I" "Together," my "Vision Girl."

"I Am Craving for That Kind of Love" and when "We Meet Again," "My Little Girl," I shall have you "Near Me" and steal "One Kiss" from your "Two Sweet Lips" while "Whispering" and "Crooning" "I Love You Truly." "Love Will Find a Way" and "Tomorrow" I shall see your "Ma" and soon "Orange Blossoms" shall scent the "June" air in "Honey-Suckle Time."

—M. B., Dec. '21

A CASE

AH! THAT heavenly, blissful feeling when you are madly, wildly, deeply in love with—HER. She might be a tall, pretty girl whose voice you rave about; a girl with light bobbed hair, who is so cute, or possibly a red-headed young miss who is just grand. But in any case, she is the idol of your heart, the crowning queen of all your ideals.

We who are sane and keep our acts of love, honor and devotion for a future date, look with pitying eyes upon you unfortunate humans who persist in spending your month's allowance in gifts for—HER. To you the world is cru—el, unloving, bleak, if SHE doesn't enthusiastically fall upon you in thanks for your gifts. A word to the wise is sufficient they say and there is always some one who sees you, hears you, and really thinks to herself ''How do they get that way?''

However, the alarming symptoms of this particular branch of heart trouble are a violent trembling, a loud beating heart and a face which rivals a lobster for color when—SHE approaches. Added to this is a great loss of appetite and many sleepless nights thinking, thinking, thinking of—HER.

If the ALL HIGH ONE condescends to exchange a few words of greeting with you, your loyal classmates must carry you off the field as your legs refuse to do anything so menial as walk—after that! Then follows a constant raving of her unequaled charms to your best friend upon her promise of ''Cross my heart to die'' never to tell. All in all, the suspense is almost overpowering.

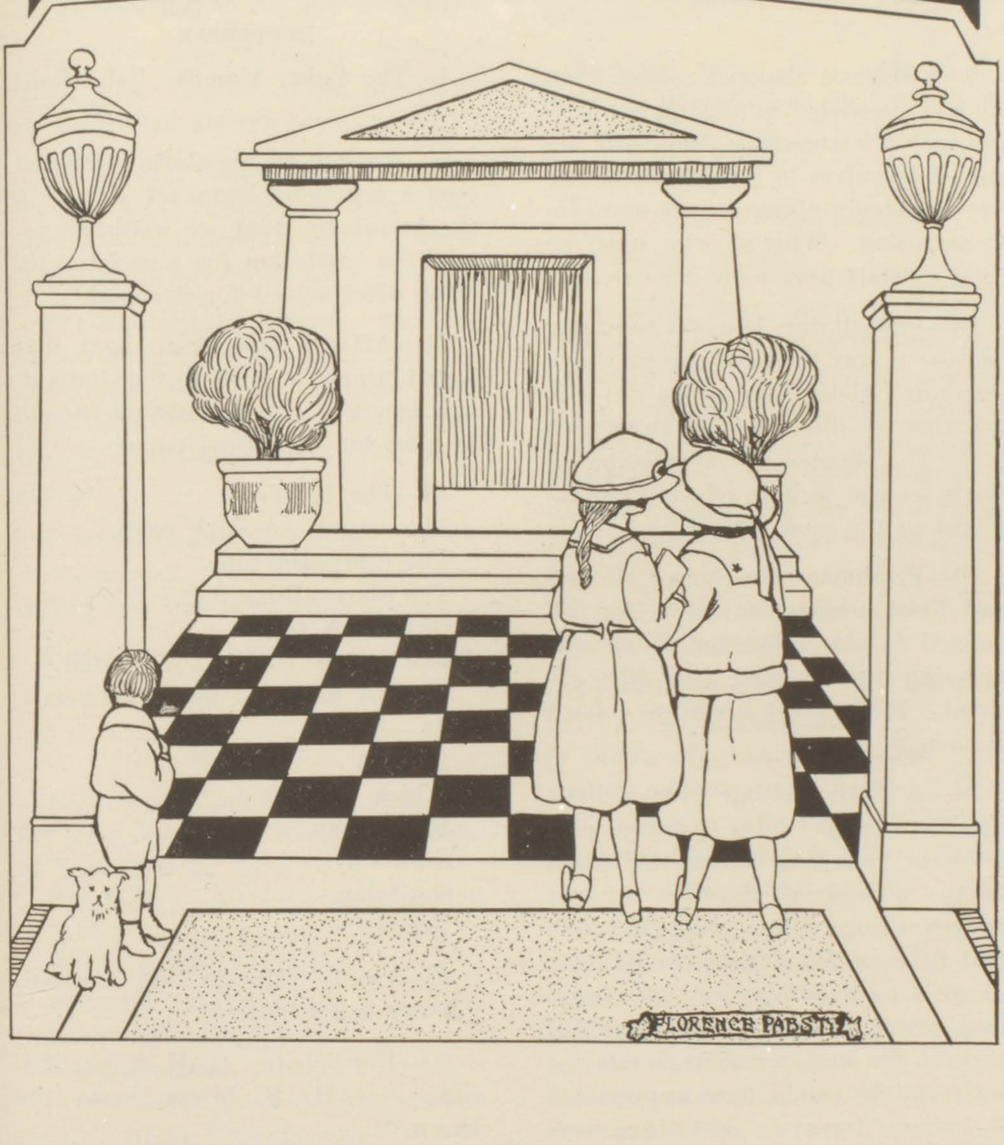
If she said Ben Turpin was her idea of a perfect lover you'd give Wally Reid the cold shoulder and send for Ben's autographed photo. If SHE went home to lunch and you lived reasonably near you'd go home too. For a hot lunch? No, vanish the thought. Didn't you walk with HER?

Then on the far horizon appears a sun far more dazzling than the one now shining in your heart and—with a splash—you fall again.

Yet they say Women aren't Fickle.

—*Catherine Dollard, June '22*

SCHOOL LIFE



FLORENCE PABST

FALL TERM—1921

AUGUST

1—School opened. With Spartan courage we forsook our joyous frolics and happy gambols in the country and returned to???? More unsuspecting, unenlightened, individuals were added to the ranks of the already suffering and deluded students that we are.

8—Programs changed. Just when we had succeeded in making our programs work smoothly, and had resigned ourselves to the inevitable, we were suddenly plunged once more into confusion. Why, oh why, must we mere mortals have more time to eat?

18—Pig tail day. It was a great day because it was the only one on which "we'uns" could look as we did and eat when we did and "get away with it." The temporary shortening of skirts seemed to have effected our intellect in the same way.

19—Freshman reception. Seniors and Freshmen met to dance, but remained to eat. Now let us all rise and sing that touching little ditty entitled "It's a great life if you don't weaken."

24—A little yelling plus a little singing, plus a "lotta speeches, plus a "lotta" sleeping contributed much to the success of the first student body meeting of the term. We wish that Alice-in-Wonderland would "tip us off" as to where we can obtain that precious liquid that makes one shrink. On such occasions as this one we certainly would have appreciated it, because for every seat there were at least three eager, would-be occupants.

25—New Traffic Squad. Teachers relinquish their posts in the corridors to students. Now it is chaos where it was once turmoil, but remember that "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

SEPTEMBER

1—The Labor Unions, Rah! Rah! Rah!

9—We shut off the alarm clock and took a few more hours off, secure in the knowledge that we wouldn't receive an invitation for a social gathering after school for five nights.

21—After a free-for-all bout that lasted nearly a week, a few individuals emerged safe and strong enough to plan for the school paper.

23—The 4A Tea.
The setting—A dark room.
The time—Daytime.
The place—Room 118.
Object—A tea.
The result—Only they can tell.
The 2A dance to the Freshmen.
2A—1A
1A—2A
Which way.
Either way.
Both ways.
Good-day.
Hooray!

27—Candy sale for the Journal. "Every bag a bullet."

30—Big debate. G. H. S. vs. Mission. "G. H. S. brings home the bacon."

OCTOBER

3-17—For two blissful weeks, 14 joyous days, 336 riotously happy hours, the members of Girls High School forsook their labor and abandoned themselves wholly and completely to the very difficult art of enjoying themselves. The only regret seems to have been that approximately 150 hours were lost to the god Morpheus.

26—We saw "Quality Street," when Miss Virginia Wiles presented it, as we had always hoped to see it.

27—Second candy sale. Another busy day for the undertakers. And speaking of undertakers, don't forget to patronize our advertisers.

28—The 4A-4B dance. The unknown quantity very timidly invaded our ranks—few, but judging from pedal extremities, we can safely say, that S. F. is destined to show great genius.

First edition of The Paper. G. H. S. suspended work while everybody looked into The Girls High Mirror.

Debate. G. H. S. vs. Sacred Heart. Who says we aren't good sports?

NOVEMBER

2—"Say it With Music," and we'll say they did at the concert in honor of Music Week.

Pencil Day. Raised enough money to adopt three orphans.

Will you buy a pencil?
Some do. Some don't.
Some will. Some won't.
See the point?

Senior Rally planned. The start is made. "Great Expectations."

3—Delightful presentation of "The Open Road" by Dorothea Johnston.

4—Great disappointment reigned in the 3B Class when the 2B's decided to give their dance to the 3A's instead —but then, "Only fools and dead men never change their minds."

7—No longer is the Journal office a tomb of despair. The Journal went to press.

9—Once again the peace of the school is disturbed as the Seniors begin to learn a song, "The Right Flat, but the Wrong Key."

10—Armistice Day exercises.

11—Legal Holiday.

16—Field Day. With the dear old thermometer registering 10 below zero (more or less) we wrapped ourselves up in furs and woolens and, heroines that we are, we braved the frigid atmosphere. We sat, entranced as it were in the doings of our fair athletes, but this effect was really only an optical illusion produced by the weather. The 3B Class won the loving cup filled with all our love.

18—We are thrifty. We are very thrifty. In fact, we are so exceedingly thrifty that we very thriftily won the first two places in the Thrift Contest. Bertha Altmann and Estelle Manheim were the thrifty damsels who won these thrifty prizes.

24—It is comparatively easy to give Thanksgiving on Thanksgiving Day when the thanksgiving can be done at home and away from all temples of learning. It is safe to say that on that day every member of our most esteemed school went through the proper and approved forms. Eternal praise and thanks to the turkey!

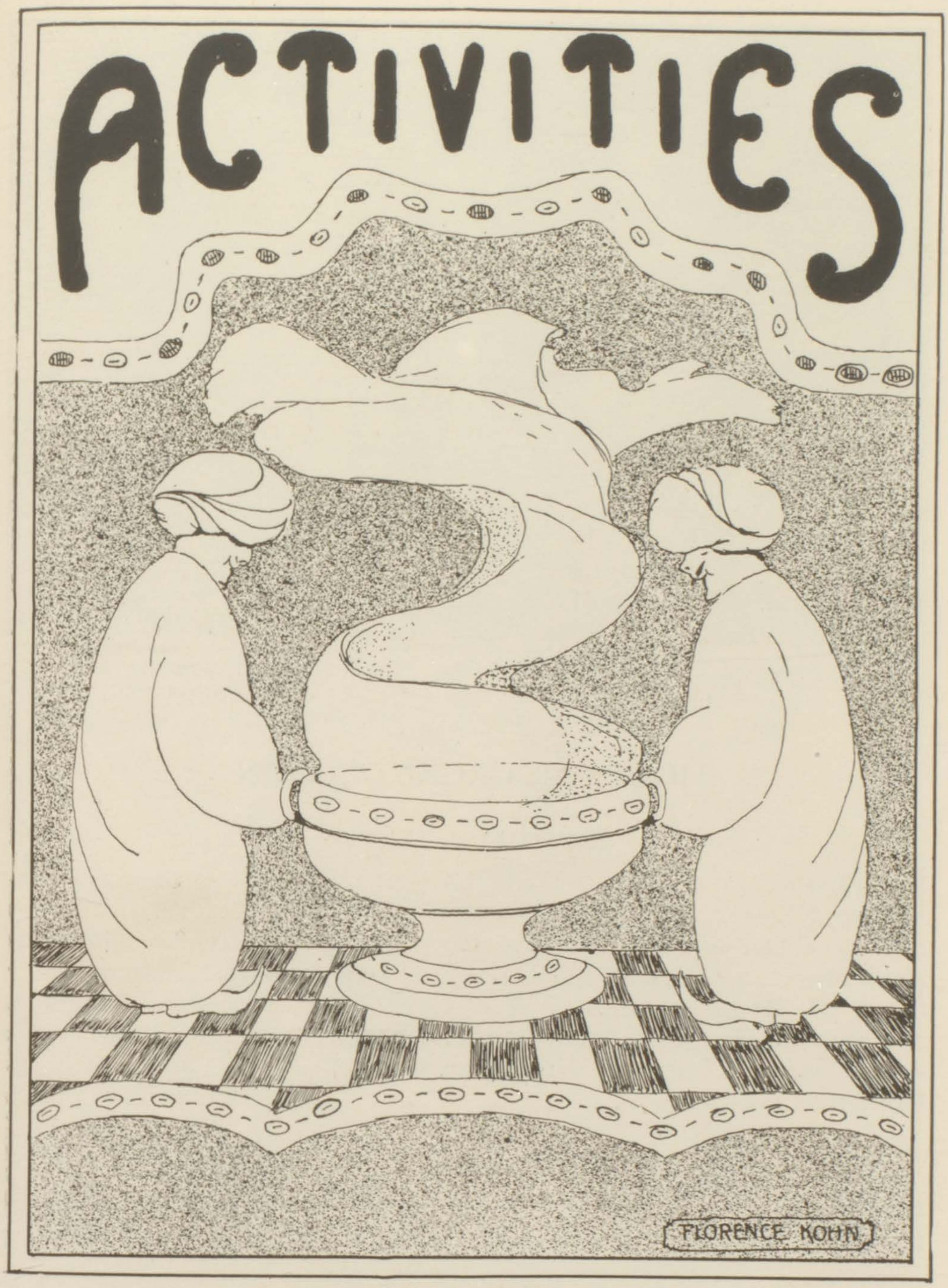
29—Two large and beautiful pictures will from this day forward adorn the stately walls of G. H. S.—two pictures that will serve to remind us that the honor of the school was once more successfully upheld in the B. B. Contest of last term.

DECEMBER

1—Since it is a long accepted fact that nourishment is vital to human existence, and since it is well thought of and extensively practiced throughout the known parts of the world, we, the members of the 4B Class decided to make a public demonstration of our hearty approval of this theory. To the tune of "The Cracked Plate Toddle," a very attractive menu was served—take or leave it: Gasoline cocktail, tar-weed salad with a special codliver oil dressing, consomme en tasse, Swedish tripe with Spanish lemonade and frozen fui-fui. (Everyone enjoyed *herself.*) (English Department please take note.) Any Friday, lectures on everything concerning a bank except how to crack a safe or forge a check were delivered in minute detail every Friday. Inventors who could find a way by which we could take such lectures by absent treatment, please apply.

14—Graduation.

The strains of Aida were more than just music. They were the strains which sounded the liberation of, the deliverance of, the redemption of sixty-six souls weary with the struggle and strife of four long years.


ACTIVITIES
FLORENCE KOHN

GEORGIA SPEIER
Editor

RUTH SCHEELINE
Business Manager

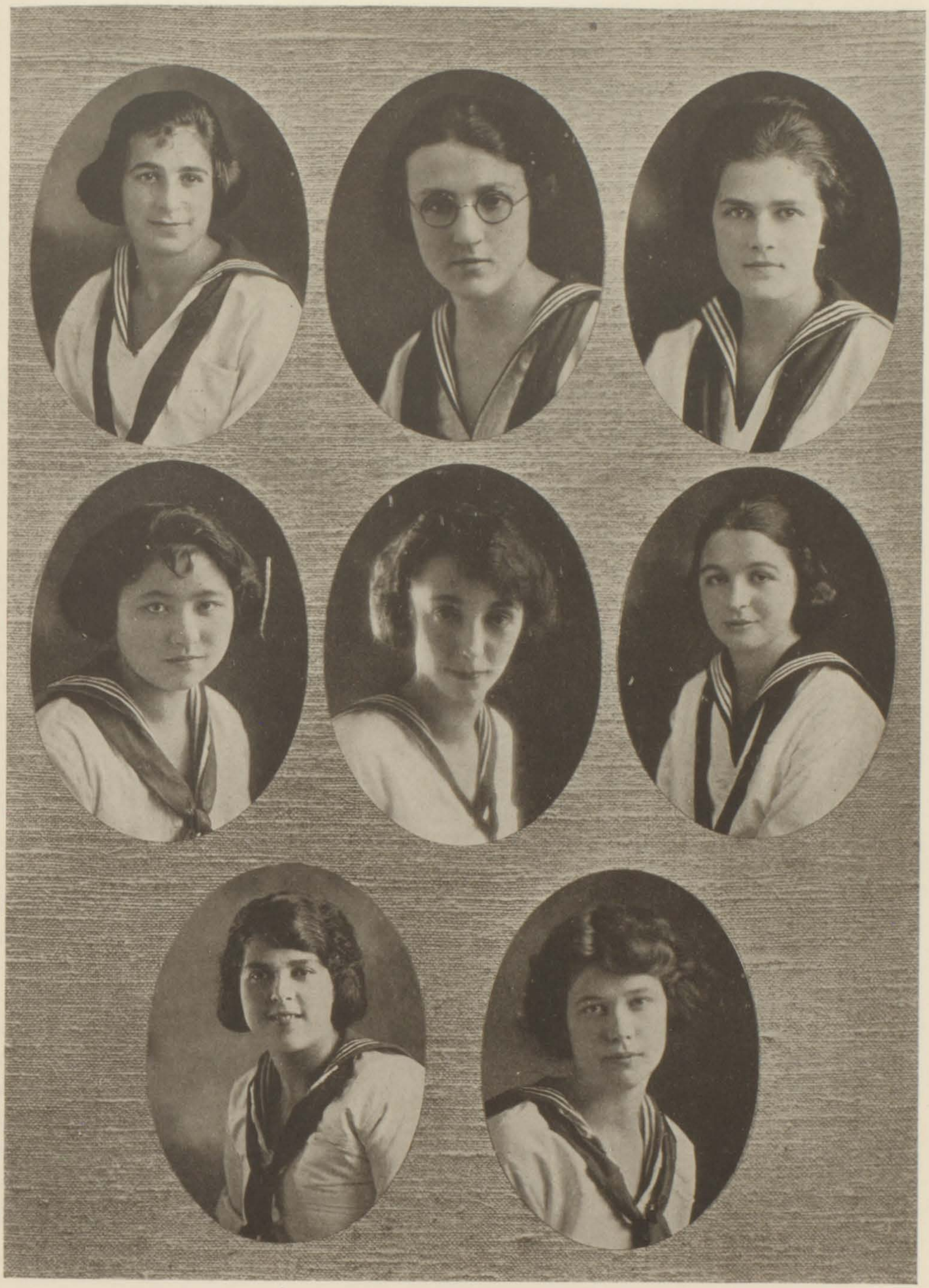
JOURNAL ORGANIZATION

EDITORIAL STAFF

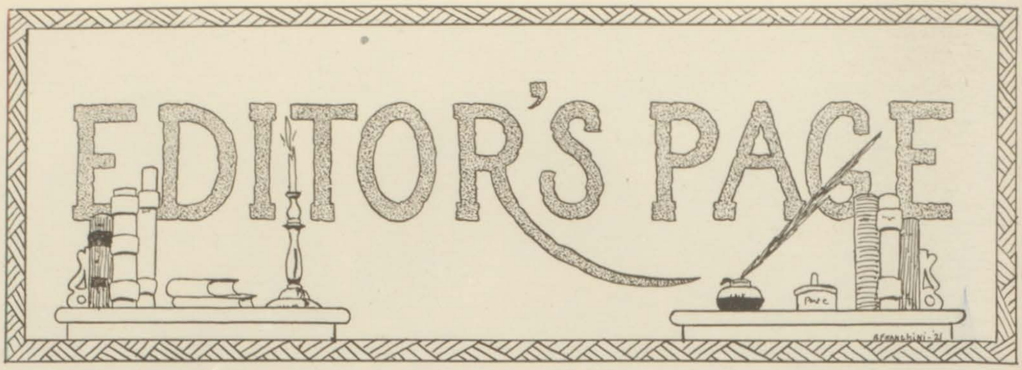
Editor-in-Chief	GEORGIA SPEIER
Literary Editor	LOIS SMITH
Alumnae Editor	CATHERINE ROBINSON
Art Editor	MAUD UYEDA
School Life Editor	AMELIA FRANCHINI
Activities Editor	MARIANNE FRIEND
Joke Editor	SYLVIA WAXMAN
Low Senior Assistant	LAURETTE CULLINAN

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager	RUTH SCHEELINE
Low Senior Assistant	ROSALIE DESENBERG



SYLVIA WAXMAN MARIANNE FRIEND CATHERINE ROBINSON
MAUD UYEDA LOIS SMITH AMELIA FRANCHINI
ROSALIE DESENBERG LAURETTE CULLINAN



EDITOR'S PAGE

Four years ago the school enrollment was 600. Today it is 1300. Whether the great increase in attendance is due to the compulsory education law passed two years ago, or whether parents are realizing more fully the value of education, one cannot tell. But no matter what the reason may be, the Girls High School is crowded—crowded to its capacity. A school built and equipped for not more than a thousand pupils is now finding itself forced to accommodate 1300.

And what has been the result? With an increase in the high school attendance, more and more responsibilities are being placed on the pupils themselves, and the girls have adapted themselves to changes with very good spirit. Through the executive committee of the Associated Student Body, various plans have been formulated and tried to find the best way to secure student co-operation in matters of discipline. The cafeteria, yards, and corridors are kept clean and tidy through the efforts of the various classes put in charge. The traffic in the halls is regulated by a committee of girls, and a great step has been made towards self-reliance. A great deal, however, remains to be done. There are still girls who persist in breaking rules made for their own good and the good of the school. Intentionally or not, they are selfishly hindering the development of a finer expression of true school spirit. Why could not girls take care of the study hall and auditorium? There isn't any reason why girls of high school age couldn't have such standards as would prove their fitness to live up to necessary rules of discipline. Everybody would have to appoint herself a committee of one and see that that committee did its duty as an integral part of the committee of the whole. Impossible as it may sound, the time could come when the Girls High School could be taken as a model of student co-operation. Again we repeat that Girls High School is crowded. So are all the other high schools in San Francisco. But our beautiful building, with its large, bright, and airy corridors and rooms, its fine equipment and splendid spirit of courtesy and consideration of students and faculty, meets the requirements of sudden expansion probably better than any other high school in the city.

* * * *

Another term—another eventful term of our school life has passed, and probably one of the most important events was the organization of the school paper—The Girls High Mirror. For several years some of the girls have worked for the accomplishment of their one desire—a school paper. They realized that a Journal published every six months was entirely inadequate as a medium of expression and that some other publication was needed. At last their ambition has been realized. This term the paper has been started very modestly, being only a monthly publication, but judging from the enthusiasm of its reception and its almost 100% subscription, we can be sure that next term will find it published on a larger scale.

We extend a hearty welcome to Mrs. Bickel, Miss Bovard, Mr. Offield, Miss Revoy and Mrs. Wilson, and hope that their stay at Girls High School will be as happy as ours has been.

The Editorial Staff wishes to avail itself of this opportunity of expressing its appreciation and thanks to those who have helped to make the Journal a success. Miss Croyland can never be sufficiently thanked for her excellent criticism and valuable advice. Miss Jones and Mr. McGlynn have given their kind assistance with the art work. Since so much of the success of any publication depends upon the interest and help of the art and printing companies, we feel that too much cannot be said in appreciation of all that the Sierra Art & Engraving Company and Schwabacher-Frey Stationery Company have done for us.

The 2B Class, under the leadership of Marion Solomans, reached the 100% mark first in the sale of Journals, and the other classes that followed were Mr. Dupuy's Class, under the leadership of Gladys Standing, and Miss Armer's Class, under the leadership of Barbara Perkins. To the following girls is extended sincere appreciation of their help, either in selling advertisements or with the literary work: Estelle Mannheim, Barbara Perkins, Emma Brescia, Adaline Loeb, Hildegarde Schwerdt, Amelia Franchini, Othella Burner and Maud Uyeda.

Student Body Organization

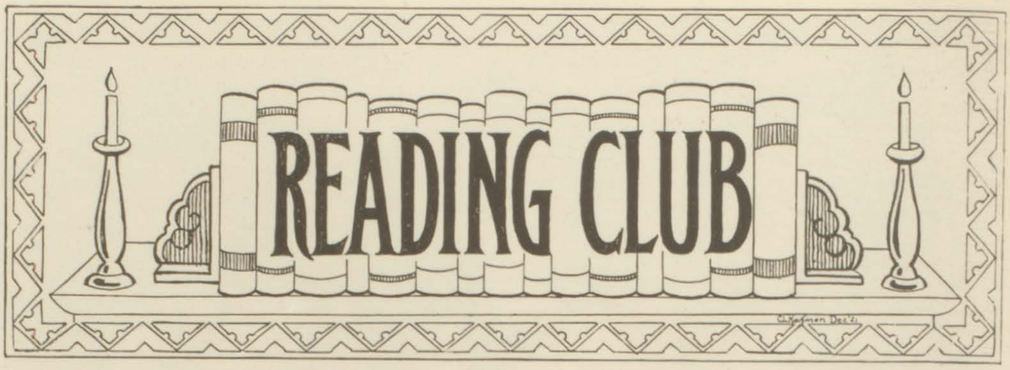
President	Anna Harris
Vice President	Anne de Gruchy
Secretary	Dorothy Frost*
Yell Leader	Bessie Lawlor
First Representative	Othella Burner
Second Representative	Bernice Toucey
Third Representative	Angelina Giacaloni
Fourth Representative	Evelyn Trauner
Fifth Representative	Yvonne Harley
Treasurer	Miss Daniel
Faculty Advisors	Miss Noonan Miss Sullivan

*Dorothy Frost, Acting-Secretary in absence of Elizabeth Howlett.

ANNA HARRIS
OTHELLA BURNER
EVELYN TRAUNER

ANNE DE GRUCHY
BERNICE TOUCEY
YVONNE HARLEY

ELIZABETH HOWLETT
ANGELINA GIACALONI
BESSIE LAWLOR



READING CLUB

MILDRED SHEARER
President

"Oh, girls, will you ever forget the way Cyrano stood under Roxana's window prompting Christian while he was making love to her?" one of the Reading Club girls remarked as she sat at lunch with a group of her friends.

"Yes, and the way he invented for going to the moon. Think of going upon a ray of moonlight as the tide was drifting out!"

"That part was indeed most absorbing, but not half so exciting as the death scene, and then to think Cyrano was so brave as to visit Roxana after his accident. He died like a true nobleman. That death scene was so sad, my poor little handkerchief was drenched when this entrancing play, "Cyrano de Bergerac," was finished.

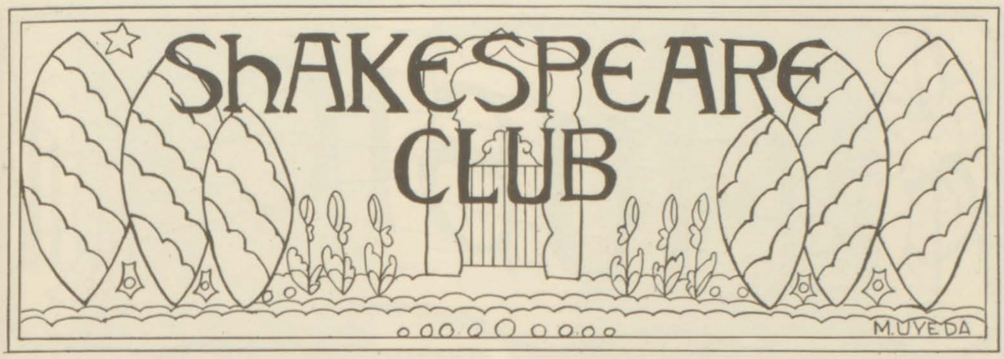
"It seems to me that most of your time is taken up with crying. I shouldn't imagine that would be such a pleasure," suggested a freshman among the group.

"But, my dear, you should hear Miss Armer read Shaw's 'Arms and the Man.' Then you would simply scream when you listened to Shaw tell about Major Petkoff's grievance against modern conveniences, or his protest against the English because they are so exceedingly indiscreet as to daily enjoy that obnoxious contrivance which the modern civilized world terms a bath tub. And when you heard Masfield's 'Locked Chest' you would have been so thrilled that you couldn't have moved—for fear that the hero would open the locked chest, the fatal hiding place of the enemy.

"Oh, you girls are horrid to always talk about your old Reading Club," spoke up a 2B.

"Just wait until you are a 3A, and when you have gone once, take my word, you shall have only one wish—that Dr. Scott would change the program so that Tuesday would come ten days a week."

—*M. S.*



SHAKESPEARE CLUB

BARBARA PERKINS
President

The club that has been formally organized this term is the Shakespeare Club, which meets every Monday afternoon under Miss Croyland's capable leadership. All upper classmen are eligible and we are sure that after attending one meeting, nothing could prevent one's becoming a regular member.

(With apologies, of course)

All the school's a stage,
And all the many students merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one girl in her time plays many parts,
Her acts being four years. At first the Freshman,
Losing her way, and quaking oft with fear.
And then the whining Sophomore, with her sachel(?)
And shining morning face(?), creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the Junior,
Full of great pride, and old enough at last
To join Miss Croyland's wondrous Shakespeare Club,
To sit entranced each Monday afternoon
Full hour and a half. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
The lofty Senior, deep in Shakespeare's works,
"Burning the midnight oil," and reading on,
Sans thought of time, or place, or anything.

—B. M. P.

ORCHESTRA

YVONNE HARLEY
President

The orchestra has been especially fortunate in having acquired in addition to their usual instruments, two saxophones, two mandolins, and a bass viola.

This organization, the personnel of which follows, meets in the X periods under the able direction of Mrs. McGlade: First Violins—Eugenia Cagliada, Doris Caney, Alice Cummings, Dorothy Field, Elmire Goldewaite, Natalie Hallinan, Sylvia Harris, Grace Luscombe, Marion Myer, Dorothy Rhea, Evelyn Shield, Ottilie Teuchtler. Flute—Kathryn Woolf. Cornet—Vallarie Sperry. Piano—Charlotte Seidkin, Viva Drew (alternate). Saxophones—Florence Magner, Josephine Marx. Second Violins—Catherine Allen, Dorothy Johansen, Doris Malitz, Emma Marcelli, Evangeline McEwen, Florence O'Neil, Renetta Shannon, Ruth Samuelson, Margaret Von Husen, Olga Weghoffer. Viola—Edna Gunzburger, Bass Viola—Gladys Merryfield. Organ—Beatrice Harndon, Pauline Davis (alternate). Banjo Mandolin—Clarisse Friedlander, Marion Robertson. Drums and Traps—Yvonne Harley, Bells—Estelle Black. Xylophone—Kathryn Jones, Margaret Jones.

JAZZ ORCHESTRA

Art Hickman had better look to his laurels!

No longer are fair lovers of Terpsichore's art without music to step to. No longer must fair damsels import music for a dance. The Jazz Band—the very latest word in music clubs—has already earned a name for itself in the six short months of its existence. For one-half hour before school, this orchestra meets in diligent practice so that we can enjoy the fruits of its labor. And so when you dance to the tune of whining saxophones and crying violins, don't forget it's the Jazzy ten of your very own school that knows how.

DOLORES JUAREZ
President Choral Club

MURIEL ROBERTS
President Glee Club

Choral and Glee Clubs

"Stand up straight." (This isn't physical education).
"Open your mouth." (This isn't a dentist).
"A shriek." (This isn't murder.)
"A trill." (This isn't a canary.)
"A run." (This isn't a race.)
"1——2——3——4——." (This isn't arithmetic.)
"Watch the leader." (This isn't a game.)
"Keep in time." (This isn't a dance.)
"Dolcissimo." (This isn't Greek.)

All this represents two of our musical clubs. The Choral Club is composed of 250 members and meets every day. The Glee Club is composed of about 30 honorary members of the Choral Club and meets twice a week. Although two separate organizations, the clubs often co-operate in giving entertainments, and recently they contributed much to a program given at Goat Island under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. This term, under the capable direction of Mrs. McGlade, the clubs are planning to give an operetta, "The Feast of the Little Lanterns." This operetta with its Oriental atmosphere and theme, offers a splendid opportunity for a very beautiful production, both in setting and music. The girls are working very hard to make it a success and we, with memories of "Florinda," are eagerly looking forward to the production of this charming miniature opera.

"THE FEAST OF THE LITTLE LANTERNS"

Princess Chan	Cecile Szatmary
Mai Ku	Dolores Juarez
Wee Long	Katherine Jones
Ow Long	Meral Arkush
One of the maids to the Princess	Doris Brown

DEBATING

MADELINE LACKMANN
President

Resolved: That the psychological effect of a fly-swatter is more intense on a fly than on a mosquito, or Resolved: That the embalmed mummies of Egypt are not conducive to the progress of civilization. These are the kind of topics that, once in the debating club, a girl is generally thought to be forced to discuss. It is a well-known fact that the average student pictures all debaters as a species of unfortunate and mildly insane variety of human being, more to be pitied than otherwise. It is generally conceded that anyone at all interested in debating never thinks of anything so common-place as sleep, but spends weary evenings in the libraries, reading thousands of deep, dull, and dry books, and absorbing millions of statistics on all the perplexing problems of the age. At times, we admit, the members of the debating team do act rather strangely, particularly when they wander about the halls muttering weird sayings, and furiously gesticulating in the face of an imaginary opponent. From this, it is deducted that all members of the debating team are weird, or, at least, slightly unbalanced creatures. But such is not the case. Upon close examination we find that the Debating Club boasts of a large number of "peppy" and active girls who radiate school spirit.

Meetings are held every week in the library and, contrary to popular belief, there occur exciting discussions on current topics. The members develop into live and interesting speakers. Female Ciceros use their oratorical powers to advantage—from convincing teachers of a girl's right to be tardy or to root at a baseball game. But above all, the Debating Club is a live club and is going to remain an inseparable part of a live school.

—*M. L.*

MADELINE LACKMANN

It is her great dramatic feeling, and her knowledge and value of sarcasm combined with artistic delivery that win for the youngest member of the team, the place that she holds.

RUTH CLOUSE

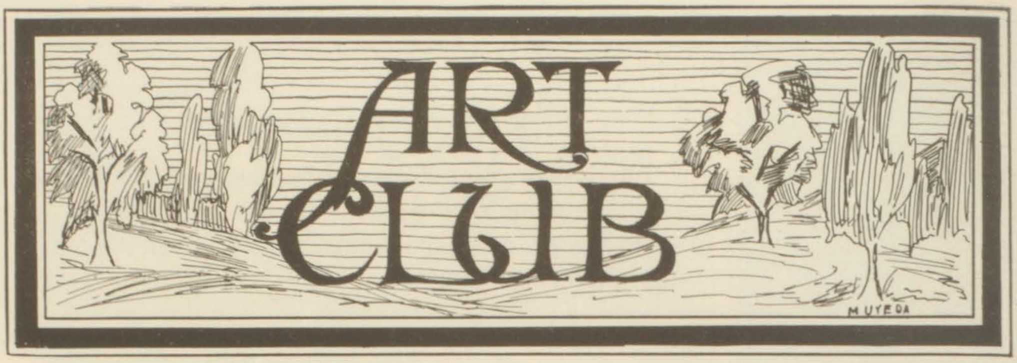
This member of the team is known for her perfect poise, self-confidence, her arguments that are direct to the point and her quaint and simple style of delivery.

ANGELINA GIACALONI

With determination, and earnestness, this member is able to put over her arguments in a delivery that is truly convincing.

ANNE de GRUCHY

A clear head and ability to think spontaneously, logical arguments, and steady work make a debater in every sense of the word.



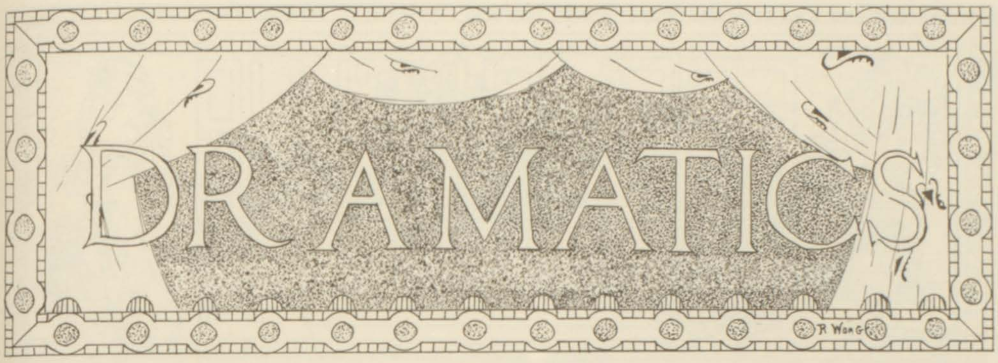
YWBGPRB

RUTH MANN, President

Strange as it may sound, these letters do not form the pass-word of any secret society for the elimination of school, or examinations or anything you like best. Nor is it a secret code that is ''guaranteed'' as ponies are guaranteed, to solve any and all algebra and geometry problems that the student may be forced to ponder over. Nor is it a secret guide to the solution of chemistry experiments.

This combination of letters, which at first glance seems of such potent meaning, is merely the first letters of the color chart—the artists' guide.

It is the knowledge of these very letters plus a palette, a brush, and an easel that enables the artist, or would-be artist, to paint his picture. There are many girls who have fond hopes of becoming artists. Some perhaps even dream of dwelling in that much-discussed, much-talked about Greenwich Village. Many have even bobbed their hair with the idea that an artist's ''coiffure'' would help develop that innate genius that they know burns within them. And so as a result of this thirst for art, and, in order to plant a seed that may blossom forth in great artistic talent, the Art Club has been formed—devoted to this very exclusive subject. Although it embraces all art in general, it is more particularly devoted to the study of interior decorating and furniture designing, and twice a week, under the supervision of Mr. McGlynn, the girls spend a pleasant hour learning more of this very fascinating art. There are no requirements for membership except an interest in this subject, and this term found a number of very eager Freshmen anxious to become interior decorators or furniture designers. Evidently they are not going to allow the upper classmen to carry off all the laurels.



MERAL ARKUSH, President

Scene—Auditorium.

Time—Any Monday after school. Curtain rises on a group of girls standing about watching an individual in the center of the stage.

The Individual—My heart is with another. I can't accept er—er—er.

Voice from the Audience—More feeling. More feeling. Can't you say is as though you mean it?

And now, gentle readers the reason for all this is merely a meeting of the Dramatic Club, under the capable supervision of Mrs. Tharp. Every year the Girls High School Dramatic Club has presented some very worth while production and this year an operetta—"The Feast of the Little Lanterns"—promises to equal even James Barrie's "Quality Street," which we still remember as such a success of last year.

The girls are very proud of the Dramatic Club. And why shouldn't they be? In a school of girls entirely, one might not think that a dramatic club could mean so much, but all that is necessary for the pessimist to convince himself of the enthusiasm and whole-hearted interest the girls show, is to witness one of the plays. Surely no better proof could be shown of talent and ability to interpret a delightful play than in a production of the Girls High School Dramatic Club.

FRENCH CLUB

IRMA CLAYBURG
President

A very important event in the doings of the clubs this term was the reorganization of the French Club under the capable leadership of Miss Revoy. Up to a year ago when the club was discontinued, it ranked among the most popular clubs. All those who have taken more than two years of French are eligible and judging from the number who belong, one would think that French was the one and only language taught at Girls High School.

Amies, est-ce que vous connaissez,
Le vraiment merveilleux "Club Français?"
  Quand nous y sommes, nous
  Nous amusons beaucoup,
Et nous ne nous ennuyons jamais!

On se réunit, chaque periode trois
Tous les mercredis, deux fois par mois,—
  La demoiselle sage
  Qui a toute la charge
De notre club s'appelle Revoy.

Amies, si vous voulez entrer
Dans le club maintenant, oh—venez!
  Il ne faut pas parler
  Tres bien le français,
Mais il faut bien l'aimer, s'il vous plaît!

—B. M. P., June '23

ATHLETICS
ABC

MISS ROSENBERG ANITA VON HUSEN MISS CLARK

Anita Von Husen	President
Eloise Clayburgh	Vice President
Naomi Clouse	Secretary
Cecile Feusier	Basketball Manager
Sylvia Waxman	Volleyball Manager
Elfrieda Imobersteg	Tennis Manager
Ruth Cheesebrough	Baseball Manager
Virginia Vanderburgh	Swimming Manager
Miss Rosenberg and Miss Clark	Advisers and Athletic Coaches

LETTER FROM A COUNTRY VISITOR

Dere Paw an Mawr

I love Frisco tho their aint cows nor pigs like back home. T'other day a gurl I new took me ter see Gurls Hi Skule. At lunch time she tooked me inter a room fuller gurls. I asted'er ef it wuz a bible clas an she said t'warant. Its the sports an pastimes asasiation (this aint a strange animal, I thot twas but 'taint.) A gurl wuz standin at a table speelin off about athletics an raveing about a hare an hound cheease (sounds like home but 'taint.) They says they had a great time s'os Im a'goin next time. Their a'goin ter hav a Play Day (sounds like home but 'taint.) Seemed ter me to be some instertution sos mawr an pawr I is a'goin ter join. Mebbe youse kin too.

Your future athlete
Hepzabah.

S. P.—After they showed me sometin they call tennis. Looked like they wuz playn' wit a fryin pan (sounds like home but 'taint.)

—*Emma Brescia, June* '24

ELFRIEDA IMOBERSTEG CECILE FEUSIER HELEN IMOBERSTEG VIDA SETENICH
MANAGERS OF THE BASKETBALL TEAMS

BASKETBALL

Basketball, one of the oldest sports in the school, seems to have stood the test of time, and still retain its original popularity. After conserving their energy and enthusiasm during last term when the sport served as a minor, the girls are now showing by active participation on practice days their hearty welcome to a favorite sport.

One of the principal aims of all athletics is to teach good sportsmanship. It is this spirit of co-operation, and consideration of others that helped the players to win all the interschool games played last year. This term we expect Girls High to again become the winner of all games in which she participates.

The training rules, which have been made somewhat more strict, make it harder for players to reach their ultimate goal, the acquisition of the coveted block "G" pin. Training began October 24, and will continue until all the interclass and interschool games have been finished.

Under the able coaching of Miss Clark, the beginners are showing a great deal of improvement and possibilities of making a strong Freshman team.

Miss Rosenberg has charge of the advanced players and expects to have plenty of material for good upper class teams.

The schedule for G. H. S. participating in interschool games has been arranged as follows:

INTERSCHOOL—INTERCLASS

Monday, November 28, 1921 — Girls Seniors vs. Lowell Seniors.
Wednesday, November 30, 1921—Girls Juniors vs. Commerce Juniors.
Monday, December 5, 1921—Girls Sophs. vs. Polytechnic Sophs.
Wednesday, December 7, 1921—Girls Fresh. vs. Mission Freshmen.

INTERCLASS BASKETBALL

(Fall term '21)

Monday, November 7, 1921—1922 vs. 1924
Thursday, November 10, 1921—1923 vs. 1925
Monday, November 14, 1921—1922 vs. 1925
Monday, November 14, 1921—1923 vs. 1924
Thursday, November 17, 1921—1924 vs. 1925
Thursday, November 17, 1921—1922 vs. 1923

LIANE ALVES ELOISE CLAYBURGH ANITA VON HUSEN SYLVIA WAXMAN
MANAGERS OF THE VOLLEYBALL TEAMS

VOLLEYBALL

Volley Ball has been described as a clumsy game of hand ping pong tennis. To those who participate in this sport this seems an injustice, as volleying the ball over the net and not stepping into neutral territory is a work of art. As yet very few have become proficient in this sport, but we have hopes that before the season is finished we shall have some good games. Last term a number of games were played with outside schools.

Seniors vs. Polytechnic
Juniors vs. Commerce
Sophomores vs. Lowell
Freshmen vs. Commerce

BASEBALL

Object:—To spend an afternoon happily.

Method:—Mark an asphalt court off with a 45-ft. diamond, add baseball, bat, glove, and two groups of Girls High girls.

Result:—A peppy game of baseball.

Conclusion:—This experiment was tried more than once last term and we concluded our interclass series with the Seniors as champions and the interclass interschool series with the following results:

Seniors vs. Commerce, won by Girls.
Juniors vs. Mission, won by Girls.
Sophomores vs. Lux, won by Girls.
Freshmen vs. Lowell, won by Lowell.

ELFRIEDA IMOBERSTEG ADALINE LOEB MARIAN CANFIELD ANITA VON HUSEN

MANAGERS OF THE TENNIS TEAMS

TENNIS

In order to further an interest in tennis, which may be called "The Queen of Sports," a Round Robin tournament was started this term, and the large number of girls who signed up for this tournament proved its worth. All classes take part in the tournament, and in this way an interest is kept alive throughout the term when it is a minor sport.

The advanced players meet on Tuesday afternoon, the beginners on Friday, and under the capable supervision of Miss Rosenberg, they are taught the ethics of the game.

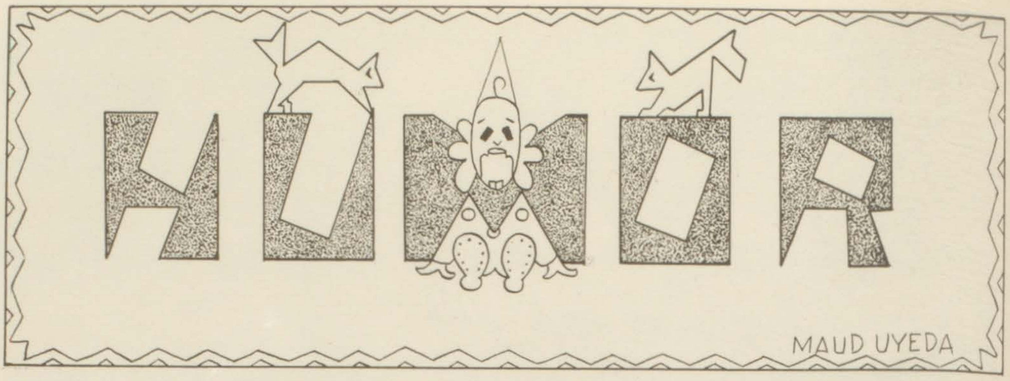
INTER SCHOOL

Seniors vs. Commerce—Girls
Juniors vs. Polytechnic—Girls
Juniors vs. Mission—Girls
Sophomores vs. Lowell—Lowell
Freshmen vs. Lowell—Girls
Freshmen vs. Polytechnic—Girls

SWIMMING

This term, judging from the number of girls who have signed up, swimming seems to have made more of an appeal than ever before. Miss Woodhull coaches the advanced swimmers, and many of them are practicing for the big meet to come off next June. Miss Caverly instructs the beginners, with the fond hopes that they will become champions some time.

The girls still meet at Sutro Baths every Tuesday afternoon and they wish that even more girls were there to share the fun, for their motto is "the more the merrier."



SUCH IS LIFE

The Joke Editor digs and toils
Till her finger tips are sore.
Then some poor fish is sure to say,
"I've heard that joke before."

Teacher: "What is a vacuum?"
Pupil: "Ah-er-er-I can't describe it, but I have it in my head."

"Of what does the sea remind you?"
"Marjorie Newman. It's never quiet."

They were on the sofa, side by side,
When he asked her to be his bride.
She murmured "Yes" and then he cried
Excelsior.

Around her waist he placed his arm,
As if to shield her from all harm.
Once more he cried, now in alarm:
Excelsior.

Mr. Offield: "When rain falls does it ever rise again?"
M. Friend: "Yes."
Mr. Offield: "When?"
M. Friend: "Why in dew time."
Mr. Offield: "That will do. You can sit down."

Central: "The line's bizzie."
He: "What line is bizzie?"
Central: "What line are you calling?"

'23 PLANS A RALLY

(NOTE—It may be best to explain beforehand that the 2B's and 3A's are having a joint class meeting, which accounts for the presence of two presiding officers.)

(Scene: Steddy Hawl after Skule. Throng of Gurls Seated.)

Carey: Cum t'order!

Von Husen: Cum t' order!

Carey: The object of this meetin'—

Von Husen: —is to plan a rally.

Carey: The secretary will please read—

De Haven: I move the minutes be dispensed with.

Chorus: Second the motion!

Carey: Before we go on with the meetin', there is some old business that has to be attended to. The treasurer—

Eschen: I had forty-three cents on September 1st. Fifteen cents went to flowers for Miss Fitz-Gerald's dead goldfish. Had to pay eleven cents for the journal page, and nine cents for the saucer Eloise Clayburgh broke in the caf. That leaves eight cents for balance on hand, and Margaret Phillips owes me two cents.

Von Husen: Miss Victor has something to say.

Victor: The 2B ash cans are on the left of the door and some 3A stuff was found in one yesterday. If any 3A—

Chorus: Oh, let up!

Carey: Order!

Von Husen: How about the hall committee?

Trowbridge: Half a stick of gum was lying outside Mr. Dupuy's room, but Jane Rowell picked it up, even though it wasn't hers, an'—

Chorus: That's enough! Let's go on.

Probasco: Madame Chairmans, we need a rally committee.

Chorus: Second th' motion!

Clouse: I rise to point of order! There was no motion made.

Kinsely: That isn't the point!

Donnelly: I nominate Chesie for chairman of the rally committee.

Chesebrough: I decline the—

Toucey: I move we make it a rule that no one can decline a nomination.

Chorus: Second th' motion!

Loeb: I nominate B. Toucey for chairman.

Toucey: I decline—

Chorus: Can't decline, Can't decline! You just said you—etc., etc.

Von Husen: Order!

(Toucey retires with injured countenance.)

(Frantic waving of hands.)

Carey: Miss Kennedy?

Kennedy: Let's give an opera! (Chorus of groans.)

Baker: May I ask, how in the name of common sense—

Chorus: We don't want a rally—we want a dance!

Von Husen: But the object of the meetin'.

Peache: That doesn't make any difference, we can change it to a dance.

Im Obersteg: I can't dance! Let's not give a dance!

Carey: It's going to be a rally!

Crowley: Well then, who'll be in it?

Carey: Miss Crowley, you have not been recognized.

Meyerfield: You seem to know her all right!

Carey: Miss Meyerfield, just for that you will do the Highland fling in the rally.

Bluhm: Oh, she can't dance—let me do it!

Merriweather: Aw, let's give a dance!

Von Husen: NO!

Babble of Voices: Dance! Rally! Show! Rally! Dance! Opera!

Carey: ORDER!

Benason (timidly): I can play a bass drum solo!

Chorus: Help!

Carey: The committee will decide as to who shall be in the rally.

Toucey: (recovered) Well, I'm not going to be the whole committee!

Von Husen: Will Miss Toucey kindly appoint her committee?

Toucey: Dixie, Majorie Brown—

Brown: Not me, I won't be on it!

Chorus: Can't decline!

Brown: That wasn't a nomination—it was an appointment.

Carey: Order! It is settled then, that Miss Toucey and Miss Kennedy will be the rally committee.

Canney: When'll we give the rally?

Winkle: Aw c'mon, lets give a dance!

Carey: Well, then, we'll vote. All those in favor of having a dance—

Allenburg: Gee, it's haf past three—I hafta go!

Chorus: So do I! I move we adjourn.

Von Husen: We can't adjourn until some decision has been—

Solomons: Let's lay it on the floor—

Chorus: Table, TABLE!

Perkins: Make that into a motion.

Deremer: Oh, that takes too much time. Let's go!

Chorus: Let's go.

Carey: Then we lay the subject of a rally on the table until next meetin'.

Drew: Yes, I move we adjourn.

Chorus: Second the motion!

Von Husen: Meetin' s' adjourned.

Carey: Meetin's' adjourned.

"I must hurry now."

"Why?"

"I promised a friend of mine to help him pick out an engagement ring for his girl, and I must hurry as Woolworth's closes at six."

"Late hours are bad for one."

"Yes, but they're fine for two."

"Do you know a good cure for sleeplessness?"

"Counting to one thousand."

"Confound it. That's what everyone tell me, but our baby is too young to count."

Girl to her friend after powdering her nose: "Dearie, look at my face and see if it's on straight."

HEARD IN THE COURT

"'Lo, Mable, gawnta eatin the kaf?"
"Naw. Yew?"
"Yeh. Cumwithme?"
"Aw, Idunno. Meetcha later."
"Steddy hawl?"
"Nawintha rec."
"Aw, stoo hotta dance."
"Awite, intha cort."
"Dawncha fagget!"
"Naw, seeya lata."
"Slong."
"Slong!"

Big man in audience: "Can't you see anything?"

Little man sarcastically: "Can't see a thing. Not even a streak of the stage."

Big man sarcastically: "Then you just keep your eyes on me and laugh when I laugh."

The proper length for a skirt is just above reproach.

1st: "My dad has made me what I am."

2nd: "Too bad! Have you forgiven him?"

"Say, do you think I'm a fool?"

"I can't tell till I know you better."

Pupil: "I am indebted to you for all I know."

Teacher: "Pray do not mention such a trifle."

"Why don't you answer the door?"
"It didn't ask me anything."

"How is hash made?"
"It isn't made. It accumulates."

Miss Hobe: "How many wars has the U. S. had?"
M. A.: "Five."
Miss Hobe: "Enumerate them."
M. A.: "1—2—3—4—5."

"Say, when does the 10 o'clock train get in?"
"It usually gets in a little behind the engine."

Extract from a boy's letter to his mother:
"I am writing this in a Y. M. C. A. with a piano playing in my uniform."

He: "A kiss is the language of love."
She: "Well, why don't you say something?"

A. Franchini (reading Virgil): "Three times I strove to throw my arms about his neck——and——that's as far as I got, Mr. Centner."
Mr. C.: "That's quite far enough."

Now that the grass is gone from the court, there is nothing green left but the Freshmen.

R. Scheeline: "Only fools are positive."
G. Speier: "Are you sure?"
R. Scheeline: "Yes, I'm positive."

M. Arkush (suspiciously): "The door bell rang."
D. Leopold: "How do you know?"
M. Arkush: "I heard it."

A cautious look around he stole
His bags of chink he chunk
And many a wicked smile he smole
And many a wicked wink he wunk.

"Where do the Bolsheviki meet?"
"On the second floor."
"The second floor of what?"
"The second floor of a vacant lot."

PEOPLE WE NOMINATE FOR THE HALL OF FAME

Those who say "See" more than fifty times in a minute.
The select few that hear of vacations that never happen.
Lecturers who forget that 3:05 is quitting time.
Those who get "Crushes" on Seniors.

Miss D.: "How many sides has a circle?"
Marguerite Brown: "Two."
Miss D.: "What are they?"
Marguerite Brown: "The inside and the outside."

"Are you laughing at me?"
"No, I laughed up my sleeve."
"But I heard you laugh."
"There must be a hole at my elbow, then."

A girl's heart is like the moon; it has many changes, but there is always a man in it.

Chawney: Don't you think my mustache becoming?
Tom: It may be coming, but it hasn't arrived yet.

Spend and the world goes with you.
Save and you walk alone.

Paul: At the party I thought your costume was ripping.
Pauline: If you were a gentleman you would have told me so.

RED FOX TROTSKY

Whether liberty will trotsky
On her mother's knee or notsky
All the Russians, big or little, who can tell?
But she ought to take and spansky
Every Bolsheviki cranksky
Till he promises her obedience with a yell.—(Ex.)

The Old Un: Pluck my boy Pluck: that is the one essential to success in business.

The Young Un: Yes, of course, I know that. The trouble is to find someone to pluck.

Burglar: "One sound from you, and I'll squeeze you to death.
Antique maid: "Remember, that's a promise."

IF GIRLS HAD THEIR WAY—

Teachers would not have to be bothered by staying after school—there would be no detention class.

Neither would they have to sit up until the small hours correcting papers—there would be no exams.

Mothers would not have to worry about home work—there would be no home work.

There would be no more holes in one's allowance as a result of hair net bills—hair nets would be made indestructible.

The ever present "run" would not be—girls would cease to wear stockings.

The dressing rooms would not be crowded between periods—there would be a mirror at every desk.

Dr. Scott would not be worried about adjusting programs—every girl would fix her own.

"Say, are you going to sell your new novel in book form?"

"No. I'm going to call it Grapenuts and sell it as a serial."

M. Lachman: "What's the matter with you?"

R. Clouse: "I just swallowed 15c and I wondered if you noticed the change in me."

He who Mrs. to take a kiss
Has Mr. thing he should not Miss.

Aileen Galland (in cooking): "What's the matter with this match? It won't light."

Caroline Guigni: "Well, it ought to. It worked just a minute ago."

Miss Daniel: "Where is your excuse?"

Anna Carr: "I forgot to write it."

HIS SLIGHT MISTAKE

(Scene—an apartment third floor. Man and woman are seated in soulful embrace. A man enters from door, rear. He sees the couple, draws a revolver, and shoots them both. He puts on a large pair of tortoise spectacles and views the corpses.) The man: "Dear, dear, my error. I've gotten into the wrong apartment."

"My heart is with the ocean," cried the poet rapturously.

"You've gone me one better," said his seasick friend as he took a firmer grip on the rail.

Miss Noonan: "I thought you were pursuing your studies at Stanford."

Graduate: "I was, but I couldn't catch up with them."

Quality Stationery

Fountain Pens   Eversharp Pencils
Kodaks and Supplies
Pocket Knives and Cutlery
Leather Goods   Bill Folds
Printing   Engraving

THAT MAN PITTS

1705 FILLMORE STREET
771 MARKET STREET

VISIT THE

Japanese Art Store

Kimonos, Lunch Cloths, Baskets
Oriental Novelties

1423 Polk Street

Between Pine and California
Open till 10 p. m.

Compliments of

Mlle. Gombert

PAUL ELDER · *Books* 239 Post Street
SAN FRANCISCO

COMPLIMENTS OF

A FRIEND

Rosenthal's
INCORPORATED

FINE FOOTWEAR
FOR
MEN, WOMEN *and* CHILDREN

A reputation for quality shoes at reasonable prices guarantees
you smart footwear that will suit both
you and your allowance

151-163 POST STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

737 SOUTH BROADWAY
LOS ANGELES

Joost Bros., Inc.

HARDWARE TOOLS
SPORTING GOODS

Tennis Rackets, Golf Goods
Bathing Suits, Basket
Ball, Football,
Baseball

San Francisco Distributors
THOS. E. WILSON CO.
High Grade Athletic Goods

1053 Market St., San Francisco

Phone MARKET 891

Typewriters

GUARANTEED FACTORY
REBUILT

All Makes Rented
Visible, 3 months, $7.50 up.
Non-Visible, 3 months, $5 up.
Sold, $20 to $85.

PAPER AND SUPPLIES
Special Rates to Students

AMERICAN WRITING
MACHINE CO.

506 Market St., San Francisco

Phone Douglas 649

The VENETIAN ART SHOP

Importers of
REAL LACES AND EMBROIDERY

Infants' and Children's Wear
Stamping and Designing a Specialty

POST AT STOCKTON

Phone GARFIELD 557

HUMBOLDT
SAVINGS BANK
783 Market Street

ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS AGO

Savings *Commercial*

Safe Deposit Vaults

Richmond Bakery
348 Clement Street
Bayview 374

BRANCH
5443 Geary Street
Bayview 2094

Compliments of

MANHEIM-DIBBERN & CO.
INVESTMENTS

"Say It in French—Pastry"
H. DRAGON CO.
The House of Tasty Pastry

WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY
CAKES
FRENCH PIES

BAKERY AND STORE: 1475 PACIFIC ST.
Phone Kearny 4346
BRANCH STORE: CALIFORNIA MARKET

Marsh & Co.
KODAKS

If you take a Kodak with you,
From a shop that is the best,
Then you just push the button
And we will do the rest.

"OUR BUSINESS IS DEVELOPING"

712 MARKET ST. *Douglas 1591*

YOU can go to the
Movies
FREE

Be Healthy and Happy.
Eat
A.B.C. Bread
at every meal and see the "Movies" ***Free.***
Ask your Grocer
Save the Jingles wrapped with every loaf of ***A. B. C. Bread.***

A. B. C. BAKERY, Inc.
Eddy and Buchanan Sts.

Official Photographer
GIRLS HIGH SCHOOL
Journal

Bushnell

BIB & TUCKER TEA ROOM
Luncheon and Tea Served
334 SUTTER STREET

Telephone
Fillmore 270

GILT EDGE MARKET
Fish, Poultry and Game
All Kinds of Shell Fish Always On Hand
3274-3276 SACRAMENTO STREET

A. SIMONI
Proprietor

Cloaks, Suits and Dresses

A. KATZ
LADIES' TAILOR
534 Clement Street

Pacific 3755

ROBERTSON'S
A Book Store
UNION SQUARE
222 Stockton Street
San Francisco

WALTER N. BRUNT

Printing
Steel and Copperplate Engraving
Badges, Etc.
Greeting Cards for the Holidays
Special Rates on Copper Plates

762-766 Mission Street
San Francisco

---

4 Months $10

UNDERWOOD *and*
REMINGTON
TYPEWRITERS

L. & M. ALEXANDER
444 Market St. (upstairs)
Phone Sutter 306

Phone Pacific 9446

Chatterton Bakery and Confectionery
QUALITY AND SERVICE

444 Clement Street
Near 6th Avenue

A. O. DENK, *Proprietor*

HAVE YOUR FURS REMODELED AT

Behlow, Inc.
FURRIERS

124 Geary Street
Phone Sutter 5668 SAN FRANCISCO

Compliments of **ED'S TOGS**

May Moore Ingerson
Teacher of Piano
Accompanist

STUDIO
1210 JONES STREET
Near Sacramento

Phone Franklin 5338

W. RIEGGER R. TRACY
Phone Market 1174

Bellevue Cash Grocery
Staple and Fancy Groceries
Delicatessen
Fruits and Vegetables

205-215 Frederick Street
At Ashbury

Say It with Flowers

Pelicano, Rossi & Co.

Phone DOUGLAS 426

123 Kearny Street
No Branch Stores

Telephones Park 265 and Park 266

Heineman & Stern
Packers of Tongues and Beef
Manufacturers of
Sausage

1040 McAllister Street
SAN FRANCISCO

Service Vulcanizing Works
"GYM" SHOES RE-SOLED

540 Van Ness Avenue
Bet. McAllister and Golden Gate Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO
Phone Park 3546

Telephone Sutter 509
Spreckels' Market Poultry Co.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Poultry and Game
SPRECKELS' MARKET
751 Market Street
SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Pacific 2667
GUSTAVE MOELLER
Real Estate and Insurance Broker
2221 CLEMENT STREET
Near 23rd Avenue
SAN FRANCISCO

The Beauty Studio
and Hair Store
MME. RENNA, Proprietor
Marcel Waving and Water Waving
1612 Haight Street
Phone Market 6568

Aladdin Tiffin Studio
Special Teas, Luncheons, Dinners
539 SUTTER STREET

Phone West 5069
PATTEN AND NICHOLS
Successors to R. ANGELOS
Hamilton Meat Market
Dealers in
Choice Meats
1159 SCOTT STREET, near Eddy
SAN FRANCISCO

The Success Cleaners & Dyers
WM. BRENNAN
Fancy Gowns and Evening Dresses
Dry Cleaned
Rugs, Blankets, Lace Curtains, Portieres, Etc.
MONTHLY CONTRACTS
2239 Fillmore Street
Bet. Sacramento and Clay
Phone West 2766 SAN FRANCISCO

Telephone Kearny 4975
Podesta & Baldocchi
FLORISTS
224-226 Grant Avenue
SAN FRANCISCO

Phones West 8637, 8638
FRANK E. RUGGLES
Hardware
Plumbing · Glazing
Westinghouse Mazda Lamps
Electrical Work
3315 SACRAMENTO STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

Rathjen-Eggers Company

Manufacturers of
True Fruit Soda Beverages
and Syrups

Fruit Punches for All Occasions

467 ELLIS STREET
Phone Prospect 600

Insist on your Grocer's delivering Meadow Glow Butter. Made by Modesto Creamery Co. Modesto's finest product

MARTIN-CAMM COMPANY
DISTRIBUTORS
118-132 Sacramento Street

Phone Kearny 2607

Bloch's Hair Store

Manicuring, Shampooing
Hair Dyeing
ALL KINDS OF HAIR GOODS

170 Geary Street
Opp. City of Paris
San Francisco

Phone West 7956 R. J. BYINGTON, Prop.

Byington Electric Co.

We instal and repair everything Electrical

"BY"
THE SIGN
OF
SERVICE

Estimates Gladly Given. Large assortment of Fixtures

Electricians and Locksmiths
(Registered)
1809 FILLMORE STREET, above Sutter

Henry Rhine's Fine Candy

367 Sixth Street
Telephone SUTTER 4676

THOS. E. WILSON & CO.

Athletic Goods

609 MISSION STREET
San Francisco

When you are doing your
Christmas shopping
remember

THE GOOD GIFT GIVER

JOSEPH MAGNIN & CO.
Stockton and O'Farrell Streets

THUMLER BROTHERS

Silversmiths

150 POST STREET
San Francisco

WILLIAM O'LOONEY
1032 McALLISTER STREET

Groceries, Provisions, Etc.
Delivered to all parts of the city
free of charge

What Profession Shall I Choose?

Those girls who are asking that question
can find the answer by entering

MOUNT ZION TRAINING
SCHOOL

and becoming a Nurse

The most womanly of professions. The Nurses' course offers special advantages. One hundred and eighty-five beds. Pupils live in Nurses' Home. Uniform, board, no tuition fee. Monthly income while learning. Two weeks' annual vacation.

Address:
SUPERINTENDENT OF NURSES
2200 POST STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

THOMAS MAINO

Monumental Works

1432 Valencia Street

San Francisco, Cal.

The Little Mexican Art Shop

840 CLEMENT STREET

We extend a cordial invitation to all of you to visit our shop. High-grade hosiery, fancy hand-work and materials for crochet

Telephone Garfield 2561

Sander Supply Co.

Dealers in

Sailor Middies, Sporting Goods
Travelers' Needs
Camp Supplies, Kodaks

93-95 MARKET STREET
Southern Pacific Building
SAN FRANCISCO

Cadillac
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Come and see the new

CADILLAC No. 61

NOW ON DISPLAY

AT THE DON LEE SALESROOMS

1000 Van Ness Avenue

COMPLIMENTS OF

FRANCHINI AND SBRAGIA
Standard Meat Market
3917 24th Street
Phones Mission 129-128

FRANCHINI AND GALATOIRE
Cascade Meat Market
Tenth and Clement Streets
Phone Pacific 4100

FRANCHINI AND GALATOIRE
Home Meat Market
Sutter Street near Polk
Phones Franklin 3125-3126

WHOLESALE *and* RETAIL DEALERS

LOOKING FOR A LAUNDRESS?

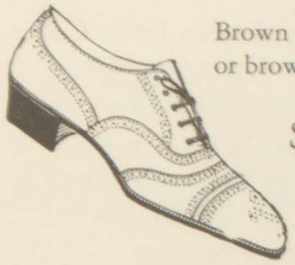
A whole corps of laundresses await your bidding at San Francisco Laundry.

When you patronize us, there is no waiting for a laundress, no clutter about the home, no rubbing on a washboard, but, instead, punctual pick-up and delivery, washing with "zero" water, modern methods, sanitary surroundings, less wear and tear on the goods.

Telephone, and our routeman will call for your bundle.

San Francisco Laundry

Telephone West 793



Brown or black calf, or brown kid

$7.50

Carefully fitting

GIRLS' FEET

OUR two stores have long specialized in shoes for growing girls. We have extremely narrow widths, and sizes up to 8, in stylish, youthful models

SOMMER & KAUFMANN

119 Grant Avenue 838 Market Street

Ivory Pyralin

TOILETWARE BEAUTIFUL

Sold by all first class stores

Manufactured by

E. I. du PONT de NEMOURS & COMPANY, INC.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

Plum Puddings · Fruit Cakes
The Real Thing Home-Made
They Can't Be Beat
JAMISON'S CAKERY
406 CLEMENT STREET
Bet. 5th and 6th Aves.
SAN FRANCISCO
Phone Pacific 7226
Wedding, Birthday and Special Cakes Made to Order

LOUIS LUTGE CASP. MULLER
Richmond Furniture Co.
Furniture and Carpets
Wedgewood Stoves and
Gas Ranges
545 CLEMENT STREET
Bet. 6th and 7th Avenues
Phone Pacific 641

Phone West 9563
Hamilton Grocery
M. MAGANARIS
Choice Groceries · Fruits
and Vegetables
ICE CREAM
1161 SCOTT STREET, Cor. EDDY
Free Auto Delivery

George Ventura J. Macdonald
Fillmore Flower Shop
FLORISTS and
DECORATORS
2001 Sutter Street
Corner Fillmore
Telephone West 3464

NEWBEGIN'S THE HOUSE *of* BOOKS
Opp. Union Square. You are invited to visit us

Phone Pacific 3497
C. MINZENMAYER
Shoes
509 Clement Street
Cor. 6th Avenue
SAN FRANCISCO

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING
AT
The Needlecraft
STAMPING EMBROIDERIES
526 Clement Street
San Francisco
Phone PACIFIC 8289

Albert Mensor Phone West 3198
Presidio Plumbing & Hardware Co.
REGISTERED PLUMBERS
Dealers in
Hardware, Household Goods
Paints and Oils
Electrical Work Locksmithing
3326 Sacramento Street
Near Presidio Avenue
Res. Phone Park 4111

Phone Kearny 1628
Maskey's
MANUFACTURER OF
FINE CANDIES
52 Kearny Street
San Francisco

Is the heat in your home healthful and comfortable?

THE

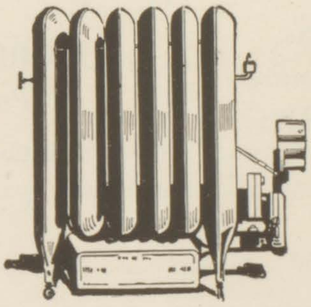
HULBERT

ELECTRO—STEAM

RADIATOR

WILL GIVE YOU THE HEAT COMFORT
YOU WANT. NO DIRT, SMELL, DANGER
PORTABLE · ECONOMICAL
AUTOMATICALLY CONTROLLED

Write for a Circular

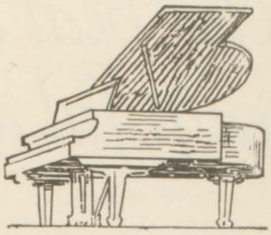


See demonstration at your Electrical Dealer's store

COMFORT BY WIRE

THE SCHEELINE MFG. CO.
76 TEHAMA STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

BARCLAY
School of Calculating
SPECIAL FOUR-WEEK COURSE
593 Market Street
DOUGLAS 5425



ALL THINGS MUSICAL

Sherman Clay & Co.

Kearny and Sutter Sts., San Francisco
Fourteenth and Clay Streets, Oakland

Compliments of MISS HESSELBERG'S 1B CLASS

F. GOOSS
Meat and Grocery Department
KEYSTONE MARKET
SAN FRANCISCO
Groceries
Delicatessen
Cigars · Cigarettes

Conradi's Pharmacy
Prescription Druggists
Cor. California and Hyde Streets
San Francisco
Phones: Franklin 3771
Franklin 3069

P. J. CORLISS
GROCER
2998 Washington Street
Phone West 2769

Korry Krome Sole Leather
DOUBLE WEAR
Ask Your Repair Man
Dolliver & Bro.
AGENTS

TELEPHONE OPERATING

OFFERS

A DESIRABLE VOCATION

TO

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS

Good Pay While Learning
Interesting and Pleasant Employment

Complete information may be obtained at
3434 17th St., near Valencia
8 a.m. to 5 p.m.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE
& TELEGRAPH COMPANY

Compliments of
Ellery Arms Co.

Compliments of
Mrs. Fredericks

Telephones: West 4615
West 6257
Herman Levin, Prop.

LEVIN'S
Flower Shop

1803 Fillmore Street
near Sutter

San Francisco

PATRICK'S

RUBBER STAMPS
AND STENCILS

560 Market Street
San Francisco

Kelly's Kandy Store

Ice Cream · Candies
and Magazines

Cor. SCOTT and SUTTER
SAN FRANCISCO

Blyth, Witter & Co.

STOCKS, BONDS
INVESTMENTS

Seventh Floor
Merchants Exchange Building
San Francisco

S. MEYER
BUILDING SUPPLIES

California Construction Co.
Phone Douglas 866

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

FOR HEALTH *and* BEAUTY

Riotous, Joyous Good Health! Not every one can be so fortunate as to cultivate it by open-air sports.

But anyone may enjoy a similar natural and exhilarating stimulus.

Scientists have found that the eating of Fleischmann's Compressed Yeast contributes wonderfully to glorious health and radiant beauty!

Fleischmann's Yeast is a systemic conditioner—supplying Vitamines. It completes ordinary diets—and induces a wonderful and natural complexion.

Are we getting enough of this single element, this Vitamine, in our every-day meals? Without it, scientists are agreed, we fall off in health.

The richest known source of this Vitamine is Yeast—just the familiar little cake of Fleischmann's Yeast—because it is manufactured fresh daily.

Get a copy of our booklet
"*The New Importance of Yeast in Diet*"
mailed to you on request

The Fleischmann Co. of Calif.

941 MISSION STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

Telephone Garfield 2221

You are invited to visit our Factory.

Compliments
of
Undertaker Dierks

UHL. BROS.

Paints · Wallpaper

38 O'FARRELL STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

Acropolos Crystal Parlors
FINE CANDIES
2105 FILLMORE STREET West 3387

Member Federal Reserve System and Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

The San Francisco Savings & Loan Society
(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)

Savings · Commercial

526 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH, Clement Street and 7th Ave.
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, Haight and Belvedere Streets

JUNE 30th, 1921

Assets	$71,383,431.14
Deposits	67,792,431.14
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,591,000.00
Employees' Pension Fund	357,157.85

CONVENIENT

—to the street cars.
—to the theatres.
—to the shops.
—because of the combined services of
our five departments of finance.

UNION TRUST COMPANY
OF SAN FRANCISCO
Market Street and Grant Avenue

Compliments of
American Biscuit Co.

Compliments of
E. R. Galland

NEW YORK HAIRDRESSING PARLOR, 1626 Fillmore Street, Phone West 1890
Marcel Waving a Specialty
ARTHUR H. NELSON, Painter and Decorator
WRIGHT POPCORN CO., 1905 Geary Street, Phone West 2619
Manufacturers of Popcorn Specialties
WILLIAM SPREEN CASH AND CARRY STORES, Clement and Second, Clement Near Fifth
JOHN HOWELL BOOK STORE, 328 Post Street
SPRECKELS MEAT MARKET
COSTA BROS., Grocers, 1300 Grant Avenue, Phone Kearny 653
HERMAN ELSBACH, Art Embroidery, 1609 Fillmore Street
BON MARCHE HAIR STORE, 512 Clement Street, Phone Pacific 9150
THE ROSERIE, Florist, 3381 Sacramento Street, Phone West 741
Compliments of **MARCO S. BACIGALUPI**
PROGRESS PRINTING CO.
THE LAMAR SHOP, 707 Clement Street, Phone Pacific 9545

Telephone FILLMORE 2046

Kathryn's Hair Store

TOILET ARTICLES AND
FACIAL PREPARATIONS

Facial Massage a Specialty

Hair Dressing, Shampooing, Manicuring
Combings Made Up
Bleaching and Dyeing
Scalp Treatments a Specialty

3319 SACRAMENTO STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

Davis, Schonwasser & Co.

GRANT AVENUE AT SUTTER

Specialize in
Junior and Misses'
Apparel

Gilt Edge Fruit Market

I. GALLI F. A. MOLINARI

Choice Fruits and
Vegetables

Imported Oils and Canned Goods

3274-3276 Sacramento Street
Near Presidio Avenue

Phone PROSPECT 4658

Harry H. Butt Co.

Auto Painting
Upholstery, Tops, Seat Covers

2034 VAN NESS AVENUE
SAN FRANCISCO

Tel. Kearny 2876

Gardiner & Goldsmith

IMPORTERS OF
MILLINERY

780 Market Street
San Francisco

Joseph's

FLORISTS

Will be pleased to make
bridal bouquets for any of
the young ladies

R. L. STONE R. A. STONE
Tel. Douglas 4488

Stone Typewriter & Ribbon Mfg. Co.

Rebuilt Typewriters and Supplies
Manufacturers of
INKED RIBBONS
Special Student Rental Rates

514-516 Market St., San Francisco

Goldman's
Cloak and Suit House

THE HOUSE OF VALUES

708 Market Street
Opposite Fourth

"Save and Succeed"

Thrift and saving, if practiced while young, make a lasting impression. Those students of Girls High School who wish to succeed in life should begin the practice of thrift and saving now.

It is an excellent plan to deposit money regularly with our representatives when they call at Girls High School. This bank is your official depository and our representatives will be pleased to be of all possible service to you.

ANGLO-CALIFORNIA TRUST CO.
COMMERCIAL-SAVINGS-TRUST
"The City Wide Bank"
Market & Sansome Streets
San Francisco

THIRD & TWENTIETH SIXTEENTH & MISSION FILLMORE & GEARY 101 MARKET ST.

"PRINTED BY"

THIS ISSUE of the Girls High School Journal is a product of the new Schwabacher-Frey plant. We consider it a product of which we can well be proud. It is a splendid tribute to the skill and interest of the men and women who make up our manufacturing organization. ❧ Without the modern equipment, the daylight working conditions of this new plant of ours and an interest on the part of our manufacturing organization in the success of this book comparable to the interest of your own editor and manager this book would not have been possible.

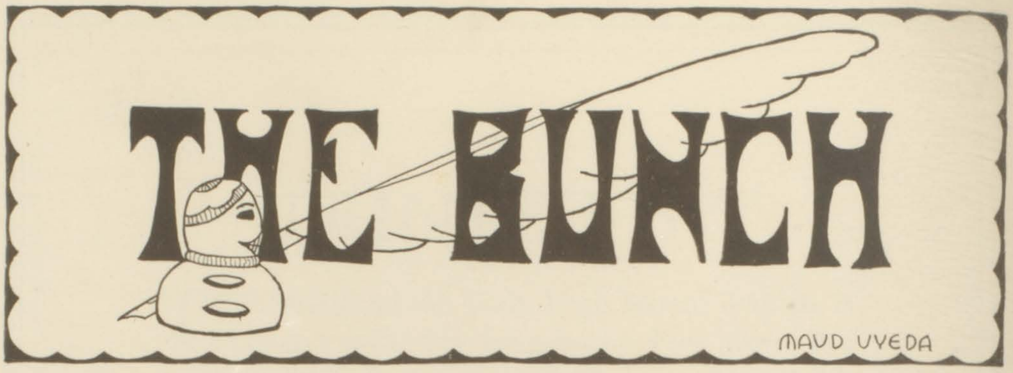
We are highly gratified to be able to say
THIS BOOK PRINTED BY

SCHWABACHER-FREY
STATIONERY CO.

Store and Salesrooms
MARKET at SECOND
Sutter 2600
Plant
THIRD at BRYANT
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Compliments of

High Sophs · Low Juniors
High Juniors · Low Seniors
The Sports and Pastimes Association
Miss Armer's 3A Class


THE BUNCH
MAUD UYEDA